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# LWL LIFE



AVIATION NUMBER  
NINE  
WINTER 1917

—Ex Libris—







# L·W·L LIFE

DECEMBER · 1927

VOLUME XIII · NUMBER 2

PUBLISHED SEMI-ANNUALLY BY  
THE STUDENTS OF THE LICK,  
WILMERDING & LUX SCHOOLS  
✻ EXCHANGE ADDRESS ✻  
L·W·L LIFE · 16TH & UTAH STS.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Subscriptions \$1.50 per annum. Single copies 75 Cents. Entered  
as second class matter November 6, 1915, at the Postoffice in  
San Francisco, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1897.





## ~ Dedication ~

*To the future of aviation as a means of enlarging man's control over the earth and establishing mutual understanding and friendship among the nations.*

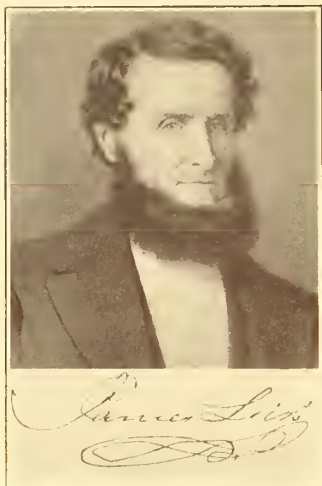


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## The Beginning of the Lick School (II)



THIS is the second of a series of articles that will appear in successive issues of the Life on the history of the Lick, Wilmerding and Lux Schools. The previous article referred to the trust deed by which James Lick gave most of his possessions for various public benefactions, including the school for which he prescribed the name "The California School of Mechanical Arts." The original of this deed was lost in the conflagration of April, 1906, but fortunately the school has in its possession a document bearing Mr. Lick's signature under date of Sept. 18, 1848.

Among Mr. Lick's friends and business associates were many of the prominent men of the community, and some of them were consulted by him in the planning of his bequests. The two men who appear to have prompted him to found the school were Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, who was named as a member of its first board of trustees, and Mr. David J. Staples, President of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company. In the course of a conversation with me, about thirty years ago, Mr. Staples stated that he suggested to Mr. Lick the founding of a school of this kind, but the wording of the following letter from Dr. Stillman to Hon. Lorenzo D. Sawyer, who was also one of the trustees named by Mr. Lick, indicates that Mr. Staples may have acted on Dr. Stillman's suggestion.

Monte Vista Vineyard,  
Lugonia, San Bernardino Co., Cal.

Apr. 20, 1885.

Hon. Lorenzo D. Sawyer,

Dear Friend:

Your letter came to hand too late for me to reach you before you left for Oregon. I see by the papers that you are again in the city. I had no intention to resign the Lick trust on the School of Mechanical Arts until the institution was organized. I was too deeply interested in the project, having been the projector through Mr. Staples. I want to have a hand in its organization—so that it shall not conflict with Gov. Stanford's plans and yet fill the conditions of its foundation. . . .

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. D. B. STILLMAN.

When my official connection with the school began, June 1, 1894, the trustees had already acquired as a site for it the block of land bounded by Fifteenth and Sixteenth Sts., Utah St. and San Bruno Ave. This site was chosen because the trustees felt that the school would be most likely to retain its industrial character if located in an industrial district. Furthermore, since most of its pupils would come from across the bay and from the peninsula area, as well as from San Francisco, a location in the eastern portion of the city would best serve the future metropolitan area of the entire Bay region.



In the month of June, 1894, the course of study was formulated and plans for the buildings were completed. Construction began early in July and proceeded rapidly. The buildings were dedicated Monday, Jan. 7, 1895, pupils were enrolled during that week, and instruction began Jan. 14, with an enrollment of 106 boys and 30 girls. The fundamental plan of instruction, though quite different from anything that had been undertaken up to that time, proved to be in line with the trend of industrial and vocational education, and has been retained by us ever since. Certain features of it will have to be discarded when we change to the status of a junior college, but a substantial portion can be retained.



*Horace Davis*

The first important change in the work of the Lick School was brought about by the founding of the Wilmerding School, but before passing on to that subject we must make record of the important part played by Mr. Horace Davis, who was one of the original trustees and served as President of the Board until the time of his death, June 12, 1916. Coming to California in 1852, three years after his graduation from Harvard College, he soon found a prominent place in the industrial, financial, civic, and educational affairs of the City and State. He established the Golden Gate Flour Mills; was one of the founders of the first savings bank in California (the Clay Street Bank, as it was called); was a charter member and the first librarian of the Mercantile Library—the oldest in the State; was one of the founders of the first Unitarian Church, a member of the famous Vigilance Committee, and among the organizers of the Red Cross Society during the Civil War; in 1852 he was a member of Congress and in 1888 became President of the University of California. Although a man of classical education and scholastic attainments, he was a firm believer in the new education that would impart culture and useful knowledge at one and the same time. No man could have been better fitted to safeguard the progress of the school during its initial years. Next to the Founder, his name deserves to be honored and remembered by us.

GEO. A. MERRILL.



## Faculties

GEORGE A. MERRILL, B. S. .... *Director*

### LICK

BRUNO HEYMANN, M. E., DEAN. .... *Mechanical Drawing*  
CLARA BOEKE, Ph. B., M. A. .... *English and Latin*  
STELLA BOULWARE, A. B. .... *Freehand Drawing*  
RALPH H. BRITTON, A. B. .... *Physics*  
PAUL N. CHENOWETH. .... *Machine Shop*  
GLADYS CARTWRIGHT, A. B. .... *English and Latin*  
SYDNEY A. TIBBETTS, B. S. .... *Chemistry*  
LOUISE MUELLER, A. B. .... *Algebra and Geometry*  
AIDA B. PATTERSON. .... *Recorder*

### WILMERDING

ARTHUR H. FRENCH, B. S., DEAN. .... *General Science*  
E. R. BOOKER, A. B. .... *Geometry*  
LESTER S. HOLMES. .... *Cabinet Making*  
FRED H. MIGHALL. .... *Stonework*  
F. E. PEIFER. .... *Auto Mechanics*  
GEORGE F. WOOD. .... *Plumbing*  
KATHERINE DURBROW, A. B. .... *History and English*  
LOREN N. STEVENS. .... *Electrical Work*  
GLADYS E. BUCK. .... *Recorder*

### LUX

THERESA M. OTTO, B. L., DEAN. .... *English*  
ALMA BOEKE, Ph. B. .... *English, Typing, Store Accounts and Economics*  
MILDRED N. CARROLL. .... *Health and Hygiene*  
FLORENCE TANGNEY, A. B. .... *Science and Mathematics*  
MARY L. CRITTENDEN. .... *Dressmaking*  
VIVIAN M. ELLSWORTH, A. B., M. A. .... *Chemistry*  
CLARA L. FASSETT. .... *Interior Decorating and Furnishing, Commercial Art*  
GRACE MENG, A. B. .... *Co-ordinator, Store Service*  
MARY ELEANOR HUGHES. .... *Drawing and Commercial Art*  
IRENE G. DAVIS. .... *Cooking*  
ELEANOR J. JONES. .... *Sewing, Costume Design*  
AUDREY V. MIGUEL. .... *Millinery*  
EVELYN M. SINCLAIR, B. A. .... *English*  
GERTA L. WOODRUFF. .... *Institutional Management*  
MARTHA G. WICKERSHAM. .... *Recorder*



# SENIORS





## How We Played the Game

*"For when the One Great Scorer comes  
To write against your name,  
He writes not that you lost or won,  
But how you played the game."*

THESE lines, so full of meaning, which we see over our trophy case, apply not alone to athletics but to life itself. Surely, then, they apply to our high school career, for these last four years have been a taste of life itself. For individuals as well as for the class as a whole there were the grilling days of early training, when we learned how to tackle and overcome obstacles; there were temporary defeats and set-backs from which we rose with renewed effort and courage; and now for all of us the goal at last is in sight. The game is played, and we earnestly hope that the scoreboard will show to our credit records which will compare favorably with those of previous classes.

This is the account of the game played by the class of Christmas 1927. On January 24, 1924, the field was cleared for action. With high spirits and a determination to fight those whole four years, we entered the contest.

The game was difficult from the very start, but we doubled our efforts and dug in all the harder. The first "quarter"! What a battle it was! We were fighting on grounds new and strange to us. At first we hardly knew our team-mates and hence at times lacked united effort. Still more serious was the battle against unpreparedness—"greenness." Our reserve spirit was called upon and we had to do our utmost to stay in the game. Some proved themselves at the beginning, but most were catching their breaths and doing a little better than "hanging on" when time was called. Still others dropped out entirely.

The second "quarter" was still an effort, but we found ourselves going stronger all the time. We began to appreciate friendships among ourselves, and to learn the benefit of association with our coaches, the teachers. Things looked brighter and, above all, we felt we were getting somewhere—winning. It is true some foolish plays were attempted, but we profited through the lesson taught by our mistakes.

The third period of the game made us feel our importance as a part of the school. The main objective was to get good grades, for we had now all found ourselves and were working hard with hopes either of entering some university or devoting ourselves to a chosen apprenticeship. It was a winning fight, and we were bucking all our obstacles with spirit and inspiration.

The game is about over now. These last days are happy ones. We are trying hard for our final spurt and the goal is in sight. We are proud of those classmates who, either in scholastic or athletic achievement, have brought us fame and glory; we are grateful to our Director and our faculty, who have stood by us throughout the game; but underlying all is our deep devotion to our schools—Lick, Wilmerding and Lux.

G. B. MILLER, 27X.



ELEANOR CANOVAN

*Gentle of speech,  
benevolent of mind.*



FRANK OLMO

*No hits, no runs,  
—all errors.*

WILLIAM KOT

*Good things come  
in small packages.*



FRIEDA  
BOEGERSHAUSEN

*A daughter of the gods;  
divinely tall and  
most divinely fair.*

ESTELLE BARBIERI

*They don't  
appreciate me.*



ROY SANDER

*An Orpheus in  
sailor pants.*

ARTHUR BOWERS

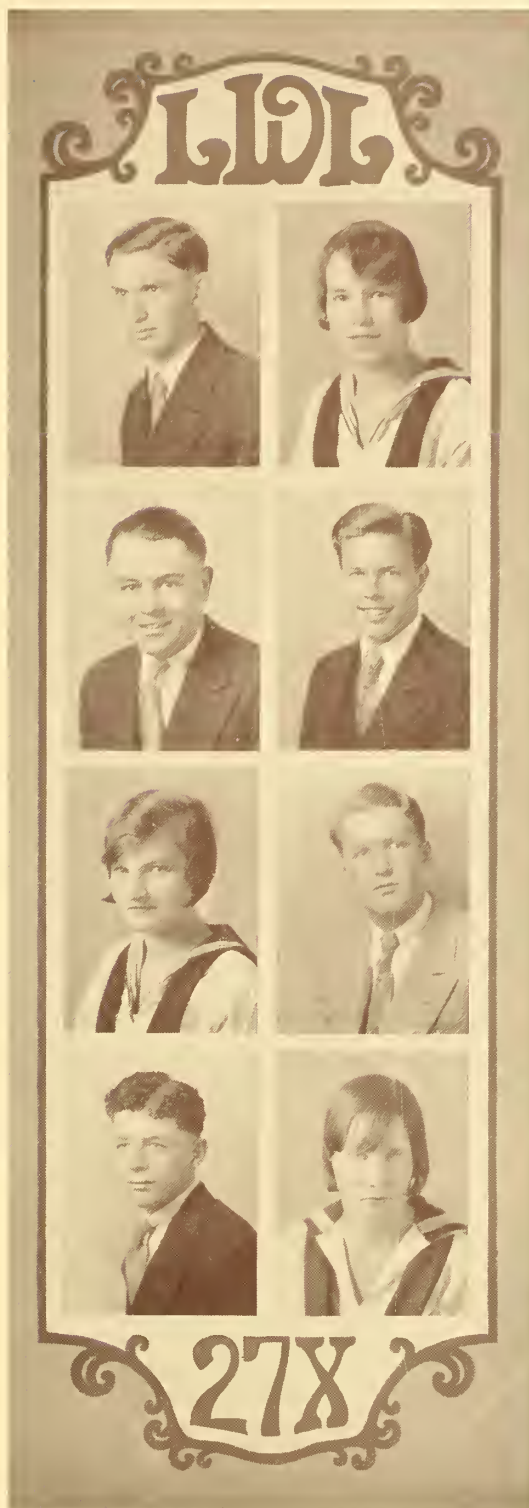
*Reputed wise for  
saying nothing.*



ALMANDO  
FRANCESCHI

*A pocket edition of Don  
Juan; the ladies can't  
resist him.*

27X



HENRY KRUGER

*He blushes as naturally as  
"Ye Olde Fashioned Maide".*

EDITH HANSEN

*Here's to the girl with eyes  
of brown,  
Whose spirit proud you can-  
not down.*

HARRY MADDEN

*C'mon, gang!*

JEROME STRANG

*A modest, retiring violet—  
we suggest a publicity agent.*

FLORENCE TAYLOR

*As clever as any woman  
ought to be, and  
pretty besides.*

KENT SERKLAND

*I toil not,  
neither do I spin.*

IRWIN WETZEL

*Curly locks, curly locks,  
wilt thou be mine?*

FRANCES NETTELL

*School is a place where  
I see all my friends,  
so I endure it.*



CHARLOTTE MADDEN

*They broke the  
mold when they made her.*



JACK MADIEROS

*They do best who  
make the least noise.*

TERENCE MCGOWAN

*You man hath a lean  
and hungry look; such  
men are dangerous.*



CAROL BERG

*She's witty to talk with  
and pretty to walk with.*

WALTER DUTCHER

*Beware of two black eyes.*



ANANDA JACOBS

*No one can ever take  
your place, baby face.*

WENCIL STOREK

*A man of caution.*



DOROTHY QUEIROLO

*Why worry? We  
live only once.*

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OLIVER PEAVY

*So bright his  
father called him son.*

ILENE HEMMINGA

*A creature not too  
bright or good for  
human nature's daily food.*

CHARLES SCHEFLIN

*"Red" finds that the shortest  
distance to the goal post is  
not always in a straight line.*

ARTHUR AUSTIN

*Almost as good a man  
as he thinks he is.*

ASSUNTA GRASSO

*What! Another  
covered wagon?*

RAYMOND  
FRANCESCHI

*He who loves not wine,  
women, nor song  
Remains a fool his whole  
life long.*

GEORGE HURLEY

*You can't keep a  
good man down.*

ELLEN BUHMAN

*I have a heart with  
room for every joy.*





MADLYN PIERSON  
*Here's to the charmer  
whose dimples we prize.*

WILLIAM GEE  
*A mother's pride,  
a father's joy.*

FLORENCE KNOLES  
*When she says she will,  
she will;  
you may depend on't.*

CURTIS KLOPSTOCK  
*Here's to you, Curtis  
Klopstock,  
With your horns and your  
bassoons;  
What a hit you'd make  
in music  
If you'd only stick to tunes.*



EARL ELDRUP  
*Straight as a poker.*

ELMER TROWBRIDGE  
*Red headed and artistic.*

GORDON SKINNER  
*Little but loud.*

MARGARET BAKER  
*Though defeated,  
she could argue still.*



HARRY DUNSTAN

*Millions for defense,  
but not one cent for tribute.*



LEMA MAE DOTY

*On with the dance;  
let joy be unconfined.*



FLORENCE DUTCHER

*Fingers just made  
for ivory keys.*



GEORGE MILLER

*A man after his  
own heart.*



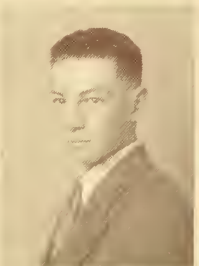
STEVEN SLEPNIKOFF

*Little but mighty.*



RALPH SPRINGER

*You break 'em.  
He'll fix 'em.*



There is only one lamp &  
by which thy feet are guided  
& & and that is the lamp  
of experience. There is no  
way of judging the future  
but by the past & & &

27X



## Class Will

WE, the class of 27X, being of sound mind and memory and considering the uncertainty of school life, do hereby ordain, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament. We give, bequeath, and dispose of our most valued possessions as follows:

Austin: His moustache to Harry Bray.  
Madieros: His eyelashes to the Lux girls.  
Miller: His marcel to Grillo.  
Wetzel: Curly locks to Frances Canfield.  
Carol Berg: Her kewpie haircut to Miss Clara Boeke.  
Assunta Grasso: Her long hair to Miss Durbrow.  
Lema Mae Doty: Two big dimples to Cudworth.  
Kruger: Geranium blush to Coburn.  
Madden, Skinner, Bowers: Their optimistic smiles to Latin students.  
Schefflin and Kot: Speedy feet to "Red" Patterson.  
Jacobs: Freckles to "Lizzie" Patterson.  
Klopstock: The wind that blows the sax—to the Lux Orchestra.  
Florence Dutcher and Sanders: Piano manipulation to Cecile.  
Storek, Slepnikoff, Hurley: Tiger Spirit (and "the bacon") to the basketball light-weights.  
McGowan: Passes to the Granada to "Cousin Ellen."  
Eleanor Canavan: Her unfailing good nature to Mr. Schafer.  
Margaret Baker and Strang: Oratorical ability to the Forum.  
Madlyn Pierson: Vocal aptitude to the Glee Clubs.  
Serkland: His vocabulary to Hynding.  
The Franceschis: Their "pull" with Mr. Heymann to all Sophomores.  
Charlotte Madden: Her extensive knowledge to the Student-Body.  
Frances Nettell: The faithful Chevrolet to Mr. Peifer.  
Springer: His bus to Wendela.  
Eldrup: Golf sticks to Engel.  
Olmo, Dutcher: Autographed baseballs to Gilmore for his collection.  
Trowbridge: That mysterious green eyeshade—for a new tennis trophy.  
Dorothy Quierolo: Appetite to Jack Nichols.  
Florence ("Flip") Knoles: Nickname to Kubicek.  
Ilene Hemminga: Wise cracks to The Tiger's Tale.  
Ellen Buhman and Frieda Boegershausen: Stature to Bud 'n Babe.  
Dunstan: Goggles to Haynes.  
Estelle Barbieri and Florence Taylor: Punctuality to the Life Staff.  
Edith Hansen: Artistic ability to Freehand.  
Gee: Reserved air to Spear.

Given under our hand and seal this fifteenth day of December, nineteen hundred and twenty seven, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Witness:

F. TAYLOR.

E. BARBIERI.

THE 27X CLASS.



# ACTIVITIES





## The Tiger's Diary

- Aug. 4 Back to the old grind. School opens.  
Aug. 5 Homework already.  
Aug. 9 Football practice begins. Fellows are "muscle bound."  
Aug. 10 "Moose" Hurley gets his picture in the paper.  
Aug. 12 Opening rally. Tiger spirit prominent.  
Aug. 26 Relief for itching feet. The first Student Body Dance was held.  
  
Sept. 5 Good news. No school on account of Labor Day.  
Sept. 9 Again no school. "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!"  
Sept. 11 Blue Monday. Effects of holidays can be seen on faces and in work.  
Sept. 14 30J has honor of having the first luncheon of term.  
Sept. 16 School closes because of Saturday and Sunday.  
Sept. 28 Another luncheon. Complimentary comments on the "eats."  
Sept. 30 First football rally. Roof raised because of noise.  
  
Oct. 1 Hurrah! Lick beats Sacred Heart, 24 to 6.  
Oct. 6 Skating party. Disregarding a few bruises, a good time had by all.  
Oct. 10 Red lanterns visible throughout school. Report cards distributed.  
Oct. 14 Junior-Freshman party. A great success.  
Oct. 15 Just another scalp to our belt. Lick beats Mission, 37 to 12.  
Oct. 21 Tigers get ready to beat Cards at annual "Lowell" rally.  
Oct. 22 Too bad. Lowell wins with a score of 6 to 0.  
Oct. 29 Give Alpha Trio a scare. Lick ties with Galileo, 6 to 6.  
  
Nov. 2 High Sophs have a good time at their luncheon.  
Nov. 3 Luck changes. Lick beats Commerce with a score of 6 to 0.  
Nov. 4 The Student Body Costume Dance held at night time. Who's Who?  
Nov. 5 Complaint of sore feet heard among students.  
Nov. 9 Some more fun had by 28X class at their luncheon.  
Nov. 10 Joint rally to prepare for game with Poly.  
Nov. 11 Tough luck. Poly beats Lick with a score of 18 to 0.  
Nov. 16 Senior luncheon held. Last class luncheon for 27X. Tears common.  
Nov. 18 Lick beats St. Ignatius 7 to 0.  
Nov. 29 Cogswell vs. Lick.  
  
Dec. 2 Nomination rally. Scared speech makers. "Lotsa" fun!  
Dec. 6 Election Day. Polls busy.  
Dec. 7 Forum play given in Merrill Hall, entitled "The Kleptomaniac."  
Proceeds for the "Life."  
Dec. 14 Last classes. Hurrah for Christmas holidays! The "Life" is out.  
Dec. 15 Graduation. Another class has left these "halls of learning."  
Dec. 16 Final rallies. Senior Dance at the Whitcomb Roof Garden. So endeth  
a perfect term.



## Lick President's Message

**I**T is said that the best of friends must part. So we leave these schools, like the many classes that have preceded us, with the "Tiger Spirit" deep in our hearts.

Our teams have won renown in every activity which they have entered because of the "do or die" spirit which prevails in these schools.

Reviewing the past semester, I feel that it has been a creditable one, due largely to the support of the students. Our rallies have shown enthusiasm and the dances have been unusually well attended. The skating party, which was held at the Golden Gate Skating Rink, drew a record-breaking crowd.

Our costume dance, on November 5, was the most enjoyable social affair of the semester. It was our first evening dance in Merrill Auditorium, which was transformed for the evening into a veritable Mardi Gras scene, with everyone in colorful costume.

I wish especially to extend my appreciation to Mr. Merrill, Mr. Heymann and Mrs. Patterson for their invaluable advice to me at all times during my term as president. A great deal of the success of the past term was the result, I feel sure, of their kind thoughtfulness.



## Lux President's Message

**T**IME flies—words often stated, but what little thought is given to them until something brings them to our attention. Our four years have flown by, but we feel, and hope you feel the same, that they have not passed without our having accomplished something. We feel that this term has been especially successful, due to the co-operative spirit which has been evident since we opened the term with our first dance. The dance started the ball rolling, and because of the good time had by all, everyone turned out for the other affairs in true spirit, anticipating other social successes.

In no other school will you find such enthusiasm, and it is because of this that you have enjoyed yourselves, and will continue to do so in the future.

Although we have been running without a dean, I know that our standard has been maintained—our ideals upheld. The understanding hand of Miss Otto has been missed in numerous ways, but a term like the past one proves the worth and merit of the girls. Our dean this term has been the "Spirit of Loyalty," which she has instilled in us, and it could not have desired more willing or faithful servants.

During my four years I have never seen the students display so much pep and enthusiasm. Students of Lick-Wilmerding-Lux, I have only one message for you: "Keep it up. This year you have attained the heights. Co-operate with your presidents as you have with us and success will be yours."



## Lick Board of Control

THE first meeting of the Board of Control was called to order on August 15, 1927, by President Terence McGowan. The members present from the various classes were: F. Olmo 27X, E. Kelly 28J, S. Klopstock 28X, V. Irvine 29J, W. Biale 29X, F. Hazlewood 30J, A. Nielsen 30X, and J. Nichols 28J. H. Kruger was elected secretary of the board.

The first topic of discussion was the budget. It showed a large deficit at first, but after changing the various budgets around this was soon eliminated, and it was finally passed upon in the second meeting in a manner satisfactory to all. After this difficult task was over the board had an easier way ahead.

The Archery Club, a new group in the school, requested that they be made a school organization. They were given a temporary charter lasting to the end of the present term. After the expiration of this charter the club expects to be made a permanent organization in the school.

Later in the term, other business was transacted. Upon the resignation of W. Dutcher, who thought he would like to pack the ball during the game rather than after, F. Olmo was elected football manager. G. Lahusen was elected basketball manager upon the resignation of L. Maffei, and W. Mollison was elected assistant custodian. The Senior Honor Medal Committee, composed of E. Kelly, S. Klopstock, and V. Irvine, were authorized to select the member of the graduating class who was worthy of the award.



## Lux Board of Control

**T**HE Board of Control meets whenever any questions concerning the student body arise. It is composed of the student body president, secretary, a faculty advisor, the class presidents, and a representative from each class.

Under the supervision of Miss Ellsworth, the faculty advisor, the board has had a very successful term. At the first meeting Ellen Barsotti was elected secretary of the student body. The request of the Girls' Athletic Association for a representative on the board was refused. It was decided that the student body would not award championship basketball pins because of the depleted condition of the treasury.

The members of the Board of Control were: Carol Berg, student body president; Ellen Barsotti, student body secretary; Ellen Buhman and Estelle Barbieri, 27X; Lillian Schaefer and Verna Selmer, 28J; Loretta Brekle and Myrle Wright, 28X; May Welch and Alice Luthi, 29J; Janet Torre and Alice Quigley, 29X; Rose O'Donnell and Elizabeth Patterson, 30J; Doris Smith and Lilly Olsen, 30X; Doris Priddle, senior advisor, and Roka Kanters, 31J. We wish to take this opportunity to thank Miss Ellsworth for her faithful help and advice.



E. TROWBRIDGE

J. MADIROS

F. TAYLOR

E. BARBIERI

## Lick Editorial

FROM the earliest times there has been, deep rooted in the heart and mind of man, a hope, inspired with imagination, that he would some day conquer the air. Fables, as well as history, give instances of man's tragic attempts. Today we are privileged to see the realization of these hopes in large measure; and the year 1927 is especially honored with numerous trans-oceanic flights.

We have chosen aviation as the ideal for this issue of our Journal, not only because it is timely, but because it is analogous to the spirit of everything that is uplifting and inspiring. While we are praising those who, through courage and self-sacrifice, have come successfully through encounters with the air, let us not forget those other heroes who gave their lives that the spirit of progress might survive. With such examples we cannot help but see the true spirit of the life we have before us.

It is only fitting at this time to express our appreciation and gratitude to those who gave their time and labor that this Journal might be worthy of the schools it represents. Miss Boulware has been a guiding hand in the art work of the book for many years; she has never faltered, even when others have despaired. The art work in previous issues of the Life has been favorably commented upon by many outside the schools, and we attribute much of this success to Miss Boulware's wise supervision. Miss Meng is ever working in our behalf and we are grateful for her untiring efforts. We wish, also, to thank the girls of the Lux Forum for their work in presenting the



play which enabled us to call this issue a financial success. Mr. Heymann has generously given of his time and thought to the management of our finances.

The members of the Staff deserve especial praise for the promptness with which they have met their assignments and the spirit of helpful co-operation that was evident. For the most part, the work was turned in in good shape, making the final work less arduous for the editors. We thank all those students who have in any way helped us with this issue and we hope that the material and its presentation come up to their expectations.



## Lux Editorial

Having decided upon aviation as a particularly appropriate theme for this issue of the Journal, we found the actual working out of the idea at first a little dubious. To begin with, our knowledge of the subject was comparatively limited, and there were stories to be written and illustrations to be drawn. We do not wish to admit total ignorance of the subject, however, for any wide-awake person living in an age when the man of the air is so prominent, can not fail to glean a fair degree of information concerning aviation. Our several difficulties arose when we endeavored to create suitable material for our particular needs of the book. Such difficulties were overcome by the proffered aid of the Art and English departments and we extend thanks to Miss Hughes, Miss Fassett and the teachers of English.

The extent of our information has been greatly broadened by the timely help of Captain Aubrey I. Eagle of Crissy Field, who criticized our work and discovered errors that the landman might not have noticed. Our hope was to have the book as technically accurate as we could make it, even though details of this nature only lend a certain desired atmosphere to the literary section and the art work and might have passed unnoticed by many.

We believe in the development of aviation as a necessary public utility, and, as our dedication implies, we believe also that it will some day serve as a means by which world peace may be established. The furtherance of so important a project as this is essentially among the affairs and aims of the entire public and requires the interest and backing of every worthy citizen. We can only hope that, in some small way, our efforts in this Journal may increase such interest among the students of our schools.





## LIFE STAFF



F. FARRELL, *Sports*

J. NICHOLS, *Sports*

C. MADDEN, *Literary*

C. COBURN, *Class Notes*

B. GRILLO, *Sports*  
(Associate Manager)

W. HAWKINS, *School Notes*  
(Associate Editor)

K. SERKLAND, *Literary*

A. TAYLOR, *Jokes*

G. MILLER, *School Notes*

E. HANSEN, *Art*



## LIFE STAFF



W. STOREK, *Art*

M. BAKER, *Clubs*

A. FRANCESCHI, *Art*

E. BARSOTTI, *Class Notes*  
(Associate Manager)

C. PATTERSON, *Clubs*  
(Associate Editor)

V. SELMER, *Art*

T. MCGOWAN, *Jokes*

R. CARNEY, *Art*

R. FRANCESCHI, *Art*



SENIOR and JUNIOR  
PRESIDENTS



W. DUTCHER, 27X  
L. SCHAEFER, 28J  
P. MAGILLIGAN, 28J

E. BUHMAN, 27X  
M. WELCH, 29J

R. ATTINGER, 29J  
L. BREKLE, 28X  
R. BLACK, 28X



## Lick Class Notes

THE 28J class has just concluded a successful semester and a very enjoyable one. They were led by President Paul Magilligan, assisted by B. Franceschi, vice-president; C. Coburn, secretary; J. Grundy, treasurer; M. Hynding, sergeant-at-arms, and E. Kelly, Board of Control member. A joint luncheon held during the term went over big, as most of the girls were willing to dance with the boys. The low seniors have supported every social affair and have distinguished themselves in class work. Almquist, Diedrichs, Garavatti, Gilmore, Hynding, Kelly, Sharp, and Smith represented the class in football; and Nichols, Coburn and Cudworth did their bit by the lightweight basketball team.

The officers elected to lead 28X through the second half of their junior year were: R. Black, president; R. Wise, vice-president; W. Mollison, secretary; N. Kubicek, treasurer; H. Schlichting, sergeant-at-arms; S. Klopstock, Board of Control; T. Somey, yell leader. The class celebrated during the term with a lively joint luncheon and attended all games in force, to cheer on the members of 28X who decorated the team.

The 29J class came back for its third year at Lick with its numbers slightly diminished, but with plenty left to elect for officers A. Attinger, president; R. Hundley, vice-president; M. Benioff, secretary; L. Meisel, treasurer; W. DeGuire, sergeant-at-arms; V. Irvine, Board of Control, and F. Bollenbach, yell leader. The Junior-Freshman event, the big event of the junior year, which 29J gave the freshmen, gave a good time to all present on that occasion. The class furnished a number of aspirants for football and basketball teams.

Under the supervision of President J. Fralin, the 29X class has covered another lap of the race in fine style. The remaining class officers were: H. Matthai, vice-president; A. Benson, secretary; B. Kloehn, treasurer; J. Brady, sergeant-at-arms; J. Biale, Board of Control member, and Taylor, yell leader. The class was well represented in everything happening.

The 30J class has just finished a very social term, in which a joint luncheon was featured. President Hammerschlag and the officers who assisted him saw that everyone had a good time. The vice-president was J. Radetich; Gamble was secretary; Hyne, treasurer; Fedeli, sergeant-at-arms; Hazelwood, Board of Control member, and Hawkins, yell leader.

The class of 30X has been socially active this term, as well as lively in other directions. The officers responsible for the success of the semester were: H. Reid, president; B. Benson, vice-president; L. Peters, secretary; Grace, treasurer; Nielsen, Board of Control, and K. McCullough, yell leader. Besides the joint luncheon in October, much enthusiasm was shown in planning hikes, swimming, parties and similar events. A number of the boys took dancing lessons from Miss Mueller, whom they wish to thank for her kind help and encouragement.

The 31J class entered Lick-Wilmerding only last August. E. Kelly, 28J, acted as Senior Advisor, and at the first meeting H. Kelly was chosen vice-president; R. Strange, secretary; Cooley, treasurer; N. Dupkoff, sergeant-at-arms, and A. Rutherford, yell leader. The student body welcomes the freshmen, and heartily wishes them well.



## SOPHOMORE and FRESHMAN PRESIDENTS



R. HAMMERSCHLAG, 30J  
R. O'DONNELL, 30J  
J. FRALIN, 29X

D. SMITH, 30X  
D. PRIDDLE, 31J

E. KELLY, 31J  
J. TORRE, 29X  
H. REID, 30X



## Lux Class Notes

**A**HEM! the low but mighty seniors—of course you know whom I mean—the 28J class—have had a fine term under the leadership of Lillian Schaefer, president; Edith del Secco, vice-president; Audrey Cunningham, secretary; Verna Selmer, Board of Control member, and “Babe” Farrell, song leader. On September 28 the class celebrated with a joint luncheon, and on November 16 they held a pie sale. Both were big successes. 28J boasts of two tennis stars, Viola Young and Frances Canfield, and of some splendid basketball and volleyball players.

The 28X class started the term with a bang by electing Loretta Brekle president, Hazel Ayer vice-president, Dorothy Smith secretary, Myrle Wright Board of Control member, Mary Anthony sergeant-at-arms, and Leonella Venturi song leader. The class gave a joint luncheon on November 9, at which everybody had a fine time.

Pep! Everyone in the 29J class knows what that means! The activities of the fall semester began when everybody began to go out for basketball and tennis. The outstanding event in the class's year was the Junior-Freshman Jinx, held in Merrill Auditorium. Credit goes to Cecile Fremier, the vice-president; Bruna Puccinelli, secretary; Hazel Kohler, sergeant-at-arms; Anna Grasso, song leader, and Alice Luthi, lively Board of Control representative, for the support they gave President Welch.

The 29X class is still with us, and will be for two years yet. The officers this time were: Janet Torre, president; Anne Taylor, vice-president; Analouise Turner, secretary; Dorothy Lockwood, sergeant-at-arms; Alice Quigley, Board of Control, and Elsie Pacher, song leader. A luncheon and a cake sale featured the term for this peppy class.

The 30J class is simply packed with stars. Their “Titian tint,” Elizabeth Patterson, is earning a reputation as an actress. Rose O'Donnell made the class famous by her play in the tennis tournament. The joint luncheon was a wow! But what else do you expect from a bunch of officers like these? They were: Rose O'Donnell, president; Edith Grundy, vice-president; Dorothy Dooley, secretary; Thelma Burtchaell, song leader; Victoria Reyen, sergeant-at-arms, and Elizabeth Patterson, for the Board of Control.

Class 30X had their first joint luncheon this term, and it was a good one. They were led through a lively high freshman semester by President Doris Smith, supported by Lenore Duff, vice-president; Blanche Puccinelli, secretary; Laura Schiebe, sergeant-at-arms; Lilly Olson, Board of Control member, and Gertrude Kayser, song leader.

Look out, you upper-classmen! The freshmen have almost forgotten that they are freshmen, they are so eager to get ahead. They made their start at Lux under the direction of Doris Priddle, their senior advisor. Bernice Schram, 29J, acted as vice-president; Hazel Mingst, 30J, as secretary. At the close of the first quarter the class elected Audrey Hernan president for the remainder of the term; Kathryn Smith, vice-president, and Olive Goe, secretary. The big event was the Junior-Freshman Jinx which 29J gave them.



# Impresssions

## STONework

"Stoneshop, Or Six Months at Hard Labor," would be the title of any low freshman's memoirs should he publish them out of gratitude to the gods for his timely escape from the "Dungeon of Dust." Although the shop may not be so popular, there is no doubt that it is impressive. It is an institution of general decorum as well as a place where a trade is taught—so here's to its continued existence. Mr. Mighall is instructor-foreman.

## SHEET METAL

The "tin" shop provides the freshman's first experience in working with metal. Here is where "Johnny Grammar School" gets grease on his hands and fish oil on his overalls, and presto!—a transformation takes place. Johnny is now John Lick Wilmerding, a distinction which he, his children and even their children will always be proud to realize.

## MACHINE SHOP

Mr. Chenoweth is building up a promising band of machinists from his junior boys. His only senior apprentice is doing good work, and he ought to be an inspiration to the younger fellows. Machine Shop is nearing the peak of orderliness and efficiency since Mr. Chenoweth has become its instructor.

## AUTO SHOP

Auto Shop is a model scene of earnest activity. The department boasts of a hard-working group of fellows whose interest in their work will bring them inevitable success. Mr. Peifer deserves much credit, for he is directly responsible for the excellence of the shop. The fellows have performed some very creditable auto repair jobs. Several machines have been overhauled, and they, the machines, can now almost live up to the promise of their original salesmen—back in 1915.

## ELECTRIC SHOP

Our Electric Shop is not unlike the dream of any modern industrial educator. To the visitor, the shop resembles a modest electrical laboratory, with auxiliary courses in radio and battery work. The shop itself displays what fine work the fellows can do, and our new teacher, Mr. Stevens, is to be credited with the remarkable advancement of the shop. The apprentices have reconstructed transformers and motors, wound armatures and repaired many machines of complicated nature.

## PHYSICS

The Physics courses stimulate open-mouthed wonder and amazement. At least we will attribute the agonized expressions and desperate groans of the embryonic Archimedes and Faradays to the apparent abstractness of the subject. But in reality physics is just a confirmation of what we have observed since the first stages of infancy, with an algebraic summary of the numerous laws and theories after each contention, making the subject portable as well as practical. The latter situation permits vast amounts of homework to be given out, an irritating condition which did not accompany our first lessons in "Physics." Mr. Britton is the "power that be."



## Impressions

### WOODWORK

Many of the freshmen enjoy gazing out of their shop windows with the hope that some fairy will, in the meantime, transform their wood into charming masterpieces. When the time is not so happily spent, Mr. Holmes instructs his freshman boys in the rudiments and secondary considerations of woodworking. The apprentices are taught the finer points of art, and turn out such fine pieces of workmanship as cedar chests, taborets and row boats.

### CHEMISTRY

There are only eight members in the continued chemistry class to take advantage of Mr. Tibbett's worthy presentation of the subject. But each member is so enthusiastic about the course that he expects to be a sensational student of chemistry when he attends a university. The fundamental laws of the science as well as the theory of chemical reactions receive repeated emphasis in this course. The apprentices are successfully finishing their course in quantitative analysis.

### FREEHAND AND MECHANICAL DRAWING

The two drawing departments were endowed with exceptional talent this past term in the form of about a dozen senior apprentices. The work of the art staff in this JOURNAL is surely convincing evidence of the worth of Miss Boulware's art students. Plans for our new buildings are being produced by Mr. Heymann's charges. Plant layout, machine design and architectural drawing are also features of the apprenticeship work.

### ANALYTICAL TRIGONOMETRY AND SOLID GEOMETRY

Analytical Trigonometry and Solid Geometry are the last two mathematical sciences that are offered to the thirsting mentalities of our future engineers and surveyors. It must be confidentially admitted that those students know a great deal about "math," and an exercise on the blackboard means something more to them than an ancient alphabet convention. Both courses notoriously expand the imagination, and are productive of absent-mindedness and a loss of sense of reality. We boast of Mr. Booker.

### CIVICS

Miss Durbrow is one of the new members of our faculty. She conducts the Civics class, and problems of American democracy no longer appear to be problematic to those under her capable instruction. The course is intended to make us fair-minded and loyally helpful citizens through the appreciation of the needs and alterations of civic conditions as well as through the understanding of the fundamental structure of civic life and civic government.

### ENGLISH IV

In English IV the seniors receive their last preparation for the "English A." Miss Boeke works like a Trojan for the success of the fellows in that examination, and, after all is said and done, there are prayers and good wishes and—we are all going to pass! On behalf of the graduating English class, it is fitting in this space to thank Miss Boeke cordially for her deep interest in the success of our university careers.



Lux Seniors



Favorite  
Pastime  
?



'Coo-Coo' at  
the Faculty Party



Junior-Freshman  
Party



Cooking Room



'Waiting for the  
bread line'



29x Joint Luncheon

'Station-Y-Y-Y' at  
the Junior-Freshman  
Party.

'Three Wise Men'



Lick-Commerce Game





Chemistry Lab. ~ Lux



A sailors life  
for me.



Sutton clowns at 28J Joint Luncheon.



'Policeman Bruno'  
at the Halloween  
costume affair.



Beginning early ~  
Housecraft at Lux.



'Good Evening Uncle Ben' ~  
a play by 28J, at the Freshman Rally.



Hard at work ?



Upper class boys of the Camera Club.

Toff eh wot ?



A few at the Halloween Dance.

28x Joint Luncheon



Sewing display  
at Lux.





## An Aerial Visitor

THE Intrepid Aviator took off at Mills Field and flew north over the city. As he passed over Seventeenth and Hampshire streets his engine died. At the same instant a cross current caught his plane and flung it into one of the eddies that swirl about tall buildings. The airplane slipped sideways over an open place. One wing caught on a flagpole in a garden before a large cream-colored building. The Intrepid Aviator crawled out of the wreck, dizzy and shaken. His clothes were torn and he was badly cut and bruised. He was in no condition to look far for aid. He limped up the stairs of the building, pushed open one of the heavy doors, and entered the cool, light hall. The inside was fully as attractive as the exterior of this building. The walls were finished in soft, attractive colors, and everything seemed to have been designed with an eye to comfort and convenience.

A girl came out of one of the rooms at the back. The Intrepid Aviator approached her. "I beg your pardon," he began, "but I crashed just outside and I'd like to get someone to help me. I shall have to be patched up before I can go out on the street." He glanced at his clothes, which were stained and rent.

"Of course!" said the girl. "I will take you up to the hygiene room, and Miss Carroll and the girls there will bandage you up while the girls in sewing class will mend your clothes for you." She helped him toward the stairs and up the flights. He was in no great pain, so he found time to look around him on each floor and wonder at what he saw and heard. On the first floor he had noticed one door that led to a big chemical laboratory, and others that opened into classrooms. As they came up the stairs to the second corridor, he observed through an open doorway a room which looked like the comfortable living room of a home. Dresses were displayed in show-cases in the hall. A small stage had been built at one end of the corridor. The air of the third floor was laden with the most tempting odors. The clicking of typewriters came from somewhere at the back.

A teacher and a class of girls in athletic costume took charge of the Intrepid Aviator then, and his original guide vanished. He was seated in a chair while first-aid supplies, hot water and scissors appeared like magic. His hurts were cleaned, disinfected and neatly bandaged.

"Where am I?" was his first question as he sat down. "Is this a school? I never saw one like it before."

One of the girls explained to him. "This is the Lux School of Industrial Training. We train for different vocations here and study things which will help us in future life."

"What courses do you have?"

"Oh, all sorts—cooking, sewing, millinery, industrial art, typing, store service, and so forth. They are divided into five branches: sawing, which means either dressmaking or millinery, and in fact all kinds of work with textiles; food study, which includes courses in plain cooking, dietetics, cafeteria management and the like; industrial art, which offers costume design, poster work, etc.; health and hygiene, which



is the department where girls who want to be nurses, social workers, managers of institutions or physical directors can get what preparatory work they need; and store service, in which we get not only the art of salesmanship and merchandising, but also business usage and typing.

"But we think the most unusual thing about Lux is what we call the co-operative schedule. By it a girl may come to school for two weeks, then work for two weeks, then school again for two more weeks, and so on. We have a co-ordinator, who finds positions for the girls suited to their ability and to the things they want to make their vocations. The girls receive credit for the outside work. If they do well, they are promoted regularly, and thus have good positions waiting by the time they graduate."

"How wonderful!" said the Intrepid Aviator.

"We think that it is. If you will come downstairs now, the girls in the sewing class will mend your clothing."

"Is that included in the course?"

"Mending? Indeed it is! The remodeling of old garments, too, is important. And we do not confine ourselves to the subjects I have named. English, history, civics, physiology, chemistry, general science and mathematics are among the other courses from which a girl may choose. Some of them are required. We have a Red Cross course that seniors may take. If a girl wishes to become a kindergarten teacher, or a playground director, or a dietitian, she can find work at Lux which will help her toward her ambition."

They had reached the sewing room by this time. A number of girls took possession of the Intrepid Aviator's torn coat and carried it off among them. As he waited, he saw about him other girls, some of them working on dainty dresses of silk or wool, others cutting out material, embroidering fragile cotton or silk, or working at the sewing machines.

In a surprisingly short time his things were returned to him, neatly repaired. He bade them a grateful farewell and left the building, to search for a repair shop that would take away the wreckage of his plane. If it had not been for the indisputable evidence of his aching limbs, the neat repairs in his garments, and the smashed airplane, he would have believed it a dream.

But two hundred and fifty girls, more than five hundred alumni and many friends of the school know that Lux is not a dream. If the Intrepid Aviator had stayed longer he would have marveled even more. He saw nothing of the school's activities, of the plays given in the Little Theater, of the clubs of all sorts, of the rallies, the parties and the dances. He was not told about the athletics on which Lux prides herself: basketball, volleyball, baseball, tennis and swimming all finding a place on the calendar of events. It is hard to remember all the wonders of which we are so proud, in order to tell them briefly to a stranger. Why, even four years do not entirely suffice to realize all the reasons for being proud of Lux, and not until we graduate and must leave them behind do we know and understand them all.



## Graduation

GRADUATION . . . another term slipped by, much to the astonishment of those who have already passed out of the friendly doors of Lick, Wilmerding and Lux. Once again we find the prospective graduate undecided whether to take advantage of higher education or to enter the world of time clocks and pay envelopes. It would be sad indeed if a diploma terminated all contact with our former classmates and teachers. Through the Alumni, however, we are able to live those days over again and see those who played an important part in our school life.

The 27J boys have formed a club which meets regularly. The first of these meetings was held on August 20 at the home of "Red" Smith; the second at Jeff Bass' house. Randall Temby was the last to arrive at this meeting, due to the fact that his newly purchased Ford tried to "hook up" with a street car. Temby, who attends "Cal," almost lost his well-established reputation for being good-natured when someone asked him if his "Lincoln sample" was a remnant of the tin roof on Noah's Ark. McKay, also a "Cal" student, was a distinguished person that night, occupying the much-coveted seat next to the driver. While Bass was boiling the hot dogs he told me how much he liked Junior College and that he hopes to attend Stanford, where Harry Nichols is hard at work. Then some thrilling tales were told of freshmen initiations. Through mouthfuls of cake and sandwiches, Albert Borgwardt told of the trip he was about to make to London on an oil tanker before entering Stanford next summer. Blaire Rixon and Raymond Shapro are still enjoying Berkeley, while Daver and Appleton are juggling binders and fountain pens at Nevada. Nat West is busily engaged at San Mateo, and Daniels sings the song of the "Vulgar Boatmen" daily on the Golden Gate ferry. Hocker has joined the ranks of J. P. Morgan at the Bank of California. Those who are establishing a name for themselves in the mechanical line are Haas, who is operating a lathe in his father's shop, and Mel Bynon, who is said to know his carburetors. Smith is "shocking" his customers at the Peerless Electrical Company, while Nick Fideli is making engineering his life work. Robert Aaron will be glad to show you the ins and outs of an insurance policy any time you call at the Western States Life Insurance Company.

The girls of 27J are not taking any back seats in the line of class spirit. Regular meetings on the first Friday of every month in the Lux living room are the main features of their extensive get-together program. There they sit before the fire and get a laugh out of things as well as a dose of chilblains. Sara Addleman has the distinction of being the only freshman permitted to join the Glee Club at the College of the Pacific. Martha Sauer is giving Michaelangelo close competition at "Cal" when it comes to handling paints. Rosamund Thorup is taking a P. G. at "Poly," while Catherine Fratessa, Helen Norton and Juanita Bollenbach are imparting the Lux spirit to Berkeley. Julia Carlson has turned "Tillie the Toiler" temporarily, and then she and Julia will make names for themselves at college. Julia is holding a stenographic position in a lawyer's office. Frances Lewis and Dot Noce are at business college, while Norma Lastrucci is applying her culinary training at the Post Street Cafeteria. Just call Norma when you need a chef.

J. McCAULEY, 27J.



## Lick Forum



The Forum, with Miss Durbrow as sponsor, has accomplished a great deal in the past semester. Jack Nichols was elected president, and Frank Olmo secretary. One of the main functions of the Forum is to promote interest in parliamentary law and public speaking, but it also serves as a center to which problems of the school may be brought and discussed.

Two amendments were passed. First, a member of the Forum may be elected chairman in place of the previous method of having the sponsor preside. The second amendment states that presidents of the classes shall preside in rotation during the term.

In order to study parliamentary law, it was decided that two members be appointed at each meeting. These members are responsible for the adherence to parliamentary law at the following meeting. This plan has been very successful.

The members of the Forum decided, after discussion, to sponsor interclass debates in order to make their work more practical.

The Forum is the most representative organization in the school. It is composed of all presidents and officers of all classes and clubs, student body officers, captains and managers of all teams, and the editor and manager of LIFE.

## Lux Forum



Another successful semester has just been completed by the Forum Club under the guidance of the able officers: president, Margaret Baker; vice-president, Frances Farrell; secretary, Ellen Buhman; sergeant-at-arms, Wendela Hawkins, and treasurer, Alice Luthi. The Forum meetings were held on the first Monday of each month, practice in parliamentary law alternating with enjoyable programs in the living room. During these programs dramatic and musical numbers were presented which were very popular with the members, and gave many of them a chance to show their ability. The practice of parliamentary law has proved a great help not only to the presidents of the classes and clubs but to everyone in the club.

In order to discover and employ the talent possessed by the younger members, a very snappy little play entitled "The Fatal Pill" was presented. Those in the cast were: Elizabeth Patterson as Florence Bosser, Mary Pue as Mrs. Bosser, Doris Smith as Mr. Bosser, and Helen Hawkins as Jack Gusher.

The production of "The Kleptomaniac," coached by Miss Hughes and Miss Cartwright, was the major work of the term. It was presented to both student bodies and a nominal admission was charged. The proceeds were given to the JOURNAL fund. Those in the cast were Ellen Barsotti, Dorothy Dooley, Ruth Peterson, Gertrude Horgan, Doris Priddle, Charlotte Madden and Margaret Baker.



## The Pen and Ink Club



The Pen and Ink Club is now completing its second year of existence and it may well be said to be thriving in a most excellent manner. The Lux representation, which at first appeared to be the smaller, has increased rapidly and now the girls outnumber the boys. Although the club suffered a great loss with the graduation of many of its active members, new members are rapidly filling the places and helping to keep up the high standard held by the club.

Up to this term, most of the club's time has been given to the publishing of the school paper, the "Tiger's Tale," to which each member contributed various articles. The supervision of the paper, however, has now been given to the lower classes, who are proving very capable of keeping up the good standard of the paper. The Pen and Ink Club now devotes its time to the study of journalism, which is the chief aim of the club and the benefit received by this course is shown in the higher grade of work submitted by the members.

This semester, the club had the pleasure of visiting the Chronicle and learned how the daily newspaper is produced. The members were shown the different processes a cut must go through, as well as the handling of the type. Everyone agreed that the visit was very interesting, and the club is looking forward to more trips of this kind.

## Girls' Athletic Association



At a meeting held early in the term, the Girls' Athletic Association was organized. The purpose of the Association is to develop physical efficiency, to encourage an interest in athletic activities, and to promote good sportsmanship among the students at Lux. The captains of all sport teams, the presidents of sport clubs and the officers of the Association form the Girls' Athletic Council. This Council acts as a board of control for the club and carries on the club business. The following officers were elected: President, Florence Knoles; vice-president, Frances Canfield; secretary, Margaret Baker; treasurer, Eva Noel.

Under the efficient direction of Florence Knoles, the basketball schedule was drawn up, and the tournament was played off with great success. The volleyball tournament was carried off with equal success.

The members of the Council during basketball season were: Florence Knoles, Frances Canfield, Margaret Baker, Eva Noel, Florence Dutcher, Lillian DeHay, Viola Young, Evelyn Sullivan, Bruna Puccinelli, Marian Merrill, Harriet Egger, Elsie Pacher, and Ruth Carney. The Council wishes to thank Miss Carroll for her assistance in advising and coaching, without which no such measure of success as has been ours could have been attained.



## Camera Club



With one of the greatest enrollments in its history, the Camera Club started the new semester with a determination to make this term a very successful one. The freshmen were assigned to upper classmen to be shown the fundamentals of developing and printing pictures. Demonstrations of the different processes of ferrotyping, intensifying, reducing and toning were given by the officers. At the following meeting each member was expected to bring an illustration of that process.

During the term the Camera Club visited the telephoto department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. An executive there explained to the students how the intricate apparatus is operated. The students were then shown the darkrooms and given a few of the photographs transmitted from eastern cities.

A representative of Schwabacher-Frey came to the school and showed the reels, "The Making of a School Journal," made by that firm. At the final exhibit on December 1 the students enjoyed a very interesting set of colored slides, and a reel about the Glacier National Park made by the Great Northern Railway Co.

The officers for this term have been: W. Radius, president; H. Dunstan, vice-president; A. Franceschi, secretary; A. Austin, treasurer, and A. Jacobs, sergeant-at-arms. It was through their efforts that such an inclusive program was arranged.

## Radio Club



Under Mr. Booker, the Radio Club has progressed very rapidly. The freshmen were invited to join at the opening rally and many responded. A code class was then organized and the new members were taught their "dots and dashes" and radio theory. The object of this instruction is to prepare the members to pass their United States Amateur Radio examinations. The transmitter and receiver are in fine shape, although a new transmitter is being built, and all licensed members are allowed to operate this apparatus. Mr. Booker has gathered together many radio books and magazines which the members may borrow.

During the term many stations have been picked up and the club room walls are covered with their call cards. A service rendered to the whole school by the Radio Club was the receiving of the World's Series broadcast by the installation of a loud speaker in the Lick court.

The club wishes to thank Mr. Booker for all he has done toward their progress this past term. The officers of the term were: F. Bollenbach, president; N. Porter, vice-president; F. Matjasich, secretary; H. Stoddard, treasurer, and J. Mahler, sergeant-at-arms.



## Lux Glee Club



Every Tuesday and Thursday you have heard strange noises coming from the living room. That was the Lux Glee Club practicing. Madlyn Pierson, president, and Charlotte Madden, secretary, are the only officers that the club has. There are about thirty members, including the Lux octette, which has as members Freida Boegershausen, Thelma Haynes and Gertrude Kaiser, first sopranos; Florence Dutcher, Cecile Fremier and Charlotte Madden, second sopranos, and Eunice Gastaldi and Madlyn Pierson, altos. The club lost a number of its best singers with the graduation of the 27J class, but the vacant places have been well filled by new members. The Glee Club

has learned several songs to sing at rallies besides its big numbers for graduation.

The club wishes to thank Miss Sinclair for her great kindness in taking charge of the club, and also Miss Barry for her splendid accompaniments.

## Lux Orchestra



The Lux orchestra has been in existence for two semesters, and under the capable leadership of Cecile Fremier, 29J, it has made good progress. The girls played selections at the final Lick Rally last June, and this year they have played for both student bodies. We look forward to the time when the Lux orchestra will be able to alternate with the Lick players at the dances. The girls have made enough progress in the last two terms to let us hope this will soon be possible.

The players include: Florence Dutcher, our snappy pianist; Marjorie Dillon, who leads the violins; Helena Getas, second violin; Betty Cook, who plays our lone saxophone; Eileen Dewar, who plinks away on the mandolin; Helen Corrie, who coaxes music from a stubborn banjo, and Fern Ellis, who drowns out the discords with the drum.

## Stamp Club



The members of the Stamp Club are very few in number as yet, but they are finding the work very interesting. The collections are growing, due to the enthusiasm of the girls and the increased facilities for exchange offered by the club. The officers of this new club have worked very hard to make the meetings successful. They are: President, Frances Farrell; vice-president, Lillian De Hay; secretary, Ellen Buhman; treasurer, Alice Neuman, and sergeant-at-arms, Eva Noel. The Stamp Club is anxious to enlarge its membership roll, so everyone is welcome to join.



## Lick Glee Club



The Glee Club has enjoyed a most successful semester under the able guidance of Mr. Britton, our faculty advisor, instructor, and accompanist. There were not many members left from last term as the club lost many through graduation. At the beginning of the term, we had four veteran members with hopes of enrolling many more. Although little interest was shown by the students as a whole, the club has been progressing very rapidly with eight active members. The fellows practice very hard every Tuesday and Thursday during omnibus, so that they may entertain the student body at rallies with songs both semi-classical and popular.

The members of the club are: Stanley Klopstock, Kenneth McCullough and Wellesly Watkins, first tenors; Donald MacLachlan and Ed Haynes, second tenors; Jack Nichols and Alan Metzger, first basses; and Peter Santana, second bass.

## Lick Orchestra



The Orchestra is that group of Lick musicians, under President Storek, which furnished the coveted music for the dances, rallies, and numerous joint-luncheons that were held during the past term.

The dance orchestra is composed of the following boys: "Curt" Klopstock, "Red" Patterson, and "Gord" Skinner, extremely "hot" saxophonists; "Bandmaster" Storek, versatile trumpeter; "Stan" Klopstock, strumming banjoist; "Runt" Olmo, newly acquired drummer; and Roy Sander, popular piano player.

The classical orchestra is a hard-working organization, sponsored and led by Mr. Britton, and includes Storek, Patterson, Eichorn, Springer, C. Klopstock, and O'Leary. The success of both orchestras has been largely due to the help of Mr. Britton, and we heartily thank him for his untiring efforts in our behalf.

## L-W Archery Club



The L-W Archery Club, under the able guidance of C. Klopstock, has just completed a very successful term. As a climax of a year's efforts, the new organization has been given a charter, making it a part of the regular school organizations. Since the founding of the club, much new tackle, including targets, arrows, and target stands, has been made by ambitious members.

The officers of the club are: C. Klopstock, president; S. Klopstock, vice-president; R. Keldsen, secretary; D. Gillies, sergeant-at-arms; and M. Varnhagen, treasurer.



## Hi-Ca-Bo Club



With Miss Tangney, Miss Carroll and Miss Fassett as sponsors, the Hi-Ca-Bo Club took a new lease on life during the past term. The club has a membership of about seventy-five girls, who are all interested in hiking, camera work or botany. During the term a hike was taken to Paradise Cove, where the girls were given a chance to take pictures and walk to their hearts' content.

At the beginning of the term it was decided to keep all the officers for a full year, so the same girls were in office this term as last with the exception of Sybil Riddell, who held the office of treasurer instead of Sara Addleman. Too much credit cannot be given to Doris Priddle for her wonderful leadership. The other officers were: Vice-president, Assunta Grasso; secretary, Charlotte Madden; treasurer, Sybil Riddell, and sergeant-at-arms, Viola Young.

## Tennis Club



The Tennis Club has probably seen its most successful term this semester under the leadership of the president, Viola Young. During the first part of the term, groups of unskilled tennis players were organized, with a capable tennis player at the head of each group. In this manner a large number of the freshmen were given an opportunity to learn the art of "advanced ping-pong." There are many promising players, and if they continue as they have begun there can be no doubt that we shall have some real champions.

Mary Anthony is the vice-president and Lillian De Hay is secretary. A splendid mixed doubles tournament was arranged which is reported in the Sport Section of this JOURNAL. Many students from both schools signed up to play and many more lent support by attending the matches. If this interest continues, the school will soon be a tennis player's paradise.

## Swimming Club



The Swimming Club had a great handicap to overcome this term because the swimming tanks were closed until the middle of October on account of the epidemic of infantile paralysis. When the tanks were again open, however, the girls showed increased interest in the sport and a large number appeared at the Y. W. C. A. every Wednesday afternoon. Classes of instruction in swimming, diving and life saving were held, and the members have increased their abilities.

The hard work of the officers has been a great factor in the success of the club, and Miss Carroll's untiring support has been a source of increased enthusiasm.



Frasschi  
E. Tenbridge

LITERARY





## Out of the Mists

MELVIN BLUM, 31J

EVENING was falling fast in London, and the city was enveloped in one of those dense London fogs known the world over. One by one the gas lamps on the sidewalk were being lit, vainly trying to shine through the grey mantle, but failing, and merely giving forth a dim, sickening glare. Here and there a faint form might be discerned, hurrying through the murk with visions of a warm, lighted room, and table laden with choice dishes.

One form, however, was slowly wending its way down the boulevard, unnoticed by those hurrying by, bumped by one, shoved by others, scarcely creeping along. It was the form of an old man, in ragged, tattered coat, shoes that should have been long since discarded, bent over a small knotted cane. Under his coat, sheltered from the fog, he held tightly to his one prized possession, an aged Stradivarius violin. Once, when he had been in his prime, and the violin had been carefully kept in a plush case, Michael Churchill had been one of the best known violinists in English music circles, but society, ever craving something newer, had gradually forgotten his very existence. This day, sadly in need of funds, and longing for the days gone by—days filled with the music he so adored—Michael Churchill had vainly searched for a position as violinist with several theatrical companies, but all had treated him the same, gently but firmly showing him out, saying that only young and promising material was wanted.

Thus, through the dense London fog he staggered, friendless and homeless, with only his precious violin for company. Finally he realized he could go no farther. The fragile, worn-out limbs could support him no longer. Groping his way into a sheltered doorway, he huddled into the corner and took out his violin. Always, in hours of despair or trouble, this had been his one consolation. He would play himself one soothing melody, and then sleep there for the night. Raising the instrument to his chin, he drew the bow across the strings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Within a luxurious London apartment, in a room well furnished in every respect, three men sat in deep perplexity. They constituted the management of the Palace Theatre, one of London's most exclusive concert centers. Everyone was in a high state of expectancy concerning the place at present, as the next night was to mark the opening concert of the season, and it was being spread about that it was to be such a concert as never before had London society attended. But, at the moment of final preparation, the main attraction of the program, the violin soloist, had been taken down by a stroke of paralysis. So now, in last-minute desperation, the managers were racking their brains for a solution to their problem.

"I know of no one," one was saying, "Every star is signed up with some other company. There is not one musician or singer in the city we can lay our hands on."

"Oh, God," a second one cried, "what can we do? The concert cannot be called off. Everyone is . . ."

What was that?



A clear, vibrant note of music, fresh from a wonderful violin, came filtering slowly into the room. Followed another, and soon the sounds were woven into the immortal strains of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." Never had the listeners heard a violin played in a more compelling manner; never had they heard such music! Coming as it did, at the moment of their plea, it sounded almost ethereal. Rising on trembling legs, the trio made their way to the window and looked out. The sounds seemed to be emerging from the doorway directly under them. Cautiously, almost doubting their own minds, they walked down the stairway to the front door. There they found, huddled in a corner, the figure of an old man, his face illuminated by the heart-felt effects of his own music.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Palace Theatre was all in a blaze of light. It was the opening concert of the season, and all London society was present. A wondering, enthusiastic, applauding murmur was slowly rising to a swelling chorus, as Michael Churchill lowered his bow and made his feeble exit from the stage. Back stage he put down his violin and sat down to ponder over events. At last he had gained his desire! Back to the gay lights of the stage, with no worries of starvation facing him, all because of a comforting solo played by a lonesome old man!

But he had no time to meditate further. The crowd was going wild. Cries of "en-core" were filling the building. Picking up his beloved instrument, the old man made his way back to the stage, a prayer of thanks on his lips.



## The Teller of Tales

There lives by the side of the ocean  
A grey-haired old fellow in green.  
When he smiles the sea becomes gentle,  
When he frowns not a ship can be seen.

For he is the King of the Waters,  
His rule is as old as the earth.  
He has seen Rome's rising and downfall,  
And has tested out every ship's worth.

He has met with the Englishman's clipper,  
And encountered Spain's galleons old.  
Oh! the tales of adventure that he can tell  
Are far better than those that are told.

So visit the King of the Ocean,  
Sit by this sandy door;  
Drowse in the sun of his happy smile—  
You'll hear tales never told before.

*Frances Brossoit, 30J.*



## The Reef of Lost Planes

J. NICHOLS, 28J

**H**ow long I had been in the air I do not remember. The continual whir of the airplane motor seemed to make my head spin, and I thought of nothing but going on and on. Even the thought of my destination did not enter my mind. I looked out toward the horizon, scanning the clear, open ocean as far as I could see; not a thing was there to attract my attention.

It gave me a terrible, unnerving sensation to look out over those boundless wastes, and to realize that all that stood between me and a watery grave was this frail little piece of man's ingenuity—an airplane.

Evidently I had been musing along like this for some time, when I was suddenly thrown into a panic by the failure of my motor. It gave a few put-puts and then died completely.

Here I was, 700 miles from the nearest land, 500 feet above the ocean, in a land plane with a dead motor. My heart sank to my shoes as I did the only thing I could do when I found that no amount of frantic work with the controls would get a rise out of my engine, and made the best landing possible under the circumstances. I expected to go right on down to Davy Jones' locker as soon as I hit the surface of the water. But, as luck would have it, there was a very strong head wind blowing, so that, by banking and volplaning directly into the wind, I managed to hit the water at a comparatively slow speed.

The contact of my landing gear with the water threw me headlong across my cabin; but, to my surprise, the plane began to ride the waves nicely, after it had completely settled in its new and self-chosen medium of support.

My first act, after picking myself up from the cabin floor and finding that my physical condition had not been impaired by the ordeal, was to climb out and inspect the condition of the plane. I found that the water came right up to the bottom of my single wing. It was then, too, that I discovered the reason for both my engine's failure and my plane's buoyancy. Not a drop remained in my gas tanks! And how could there, with a hole the size of a half dollar pouring it out on the ocean? Even at this moment water was coming in through this opening, and you can imagine it didn't take me long to plug the only thing that was keeping me from the bottom of the ocean.

Fortunately I had brought sufficient food for a week, and I saw no reason why my light metal monoplane, constructed as it was, could not stay afloat that long. After hearing of the fate of the luckless seven other San Francisco-to-Hawaii fly-



ers, I had prepared my engine so that with very little mechanical effort I was able to drop it into the sea.

No one can realize how I felt when I went about doing this. Here was the engine I had slaved over for months, and cared for as if it were a child, and now I was about to drop it into the deep Pacific! It was like killing my best friend. But if I was to stay afloat, it was the only thing I could do. Once this had been done, the little plane rode much easier, buoyed up by the huge empty gas tanks in the wings. Its weight had also been decreased when the landing gear was torn off on hitting the water.

After doing all I could to lessen the weight, to increase the buoyancy, and to keep out the water, I climbed up on one of the wings and sat scanning the horizon—that is, where I could see the horizon over the huge ocean swells. As I did not have a radio, no one would know of my descent until I failed to arrive in Honolulu.

One has only to imagine himself sitting on a little dot in the Pacific ocean, off the beaten path of the steamship lines, and with no means of communication with the mainland, to realize how slight I regarded my chance of being found. However, I placed my faith in the old adage that “While there is life there is hope,” and resolved to stick it out as long as there was a breath in my body. Luckily, the sea remained calm, except for the huge swells, and my craft proved seaworthy.

The second night after my forced landing I saw the faint lights of a steamer out on the horizon, but not being able to find my flares I had to sit there and watch my one chance of rescue go steaming by. I soon lost track of time and just managed to keep the spark of life flickering in my body.

It was while I was in this half-dazed condition that one morning I sighted in the distance what I thought to be a little piece of land. Greatly heartened, I pulled myself together and, climbing far out on the wing, gazed through my field glasses toward the little black speck. Strain as I would, I could not quite make out whether the object was a piece of floating wreckage, a tiny island, or a queer-shaped boat without a mast. Whatever it was, it either seemed to be floating toward me, or I toward it, for it was getting bigger all the time. The closer I got to it, the more puzzled I became. Why, what—I caught a glimpse of one side of a thing that resembled an airplane! The other parts began to take shape now, and I wondered if I was in my right mind or clear out of my head, for it appeared to be floating wreckage of airplanes!

Where I was I did not know. I had been afloat for at least a week, for all my supplies were gone, and how far I could have drifted in that time no one knows. I could not figure where in this world I would drift upon a wreckage of airplanes!

I was now less than half a mile from this amazing sight and could readily make out eight large planes, fastened in some way so that they were held together. Finally I discovered that all the planes had been caught together, and were held firmly on a little coral reef, forming a miniature island. Strangely enough, the waters around the reef were very quiet, and the planes lay peaceful and undisturbed by the waves. Soon I was able to read some of the words painted on the fuselages, and imagine my surprise to decipher “Miss Doran” on one, “Dallas Spirit” on another, and “Old Glory” on a third.



I began to think that some force which had brought all these other ill-fated airplanes together was now drifting me to them. Any moment I expected to see an aviator climb up onto one of the planes, but there was not a sign of life anywhere. Everything was quiet—nerve-wreckingly still. It was like coming upon a living tomb.

I could now read the names of all the planes that had been recently lost in unsuccessful trans-oceanic flights. There was the "White Bird"; next to it the "Sir John Carling." Further to the right floated the "Spirit of New Brunswick"; next to it and all together were the "Golden Eagle," "Dallas Spirit," "Miss Doran" and "St. Raphael." All doomed to parallel fates, they had drifted together to form a singular floating cemetery.

The terrible, death-like silence of this amazing sight soon brought my nerves to the breaking point. This, added to my very weak physical condition, must have been too much, for suddenly everything went black.

The next thing I remembered was awakening in a little cabin and finding myself covered snugly in a bed. A ship's doctor was attending to me, and from him I learned that the captain had picked me up, unconscious, on a single floating airplane. He said emphatically that mine was the only plane within sight when I was picked up.

Had my discovery of the airplane reef been only a delirious dream?

Have the missing airplanes of ill-fated trans-oceanic flights drifted together?

Is there, somewhere in the great expanse, a reef of lost airplanes, similar to the fabled "Sargasso Sea of Lost Ships"?

Who knows?

## To the Lost Flyers

Oh! traveler, tarry here,  
'Tis holy here you see.  
These are the graves of heroes  
Who died 'neath the foaming sea.  
From a land across the waves  
They came in a ship like a bird.  
Oh! list to the tolling sea!  
Hark to each sound that's heard!  
For these are the chimes of the sea;  
This is the wave's great bell,  
That tolls out a muffled dirge  
In a never-ending knell.  
They came with those high-born hopes;  
They tried what was ne'er tried before;  
But they failed in a glorious way,  
And they saw not the other shore.  
So, traveler, tarry here;  
'Tis holy here you see;  
Here lie the valiant heroes  
Who died ere they crossed the sea.

*Margaret Wilson, 301.*



# Sand

RALPH ABBOTT, 28]

**T**WILIGHT and on the wings of evening came the distant drone of an airplane. To those expectant figures grouped around hangar "No. 3," the distant drone was vibrant with meaning. For two months narcotics had been trickling over the Mexican Border, and for two months the Border Patrol of the United States Air Force had been on the track of the smugglers and their head, a wily, elusive Mexican, Lorenzo by name. News that Lorenzo intended running a shipment of narcotics over the Border near Lone Cactus was sufficient to warrant sending out a plane and a detachment of troops to round up the band. The returning plane would tell if the Mexicans had escaped again or if they were in custody.

The distant drone increased to a roar. The plane circled the field, banked steeply and glided gracefully to earth. A weary pilot stepped from the now silent plane and walked dejectedly up to the little group by the hangar.

"They got Bill," was the pilot's tragic greeting. "We hid in an arroyo south of Lone Cactus. There were twelve of them and they fell into the trap nicely—that is, all but Lorenzo. Bill went after him, but didn't return. We later found him dead, shot through the heart in a gun battle with Lorenzo."

Jack Scott had seen many injuries and even deaths in his aviation experience, but had not realized the terrible meaning of the word "death" until now.

The following day a letter from home crowded other things from Scott's mind. He read: "Mary's only chance of recovery is through an operation. Dr. Jones told me it would cost \$2000. I believe he has kept the news from me as long as possible. He has been so kind and Mary has been so brave, even in her darkest moments. She thinks of you constantly, Jack, and has told Dr. Jones all about her Big Brother's adventures on the Border." Here a tear dimmed Big Brother's eyes. "Jack," the letter continued, "\$2000 is a large sum but we must get it before it is too late."

The last sentence caused Jack to reflect. The roar of a motor broke in on his gloomy thoughts. The mechanics were warming up the motor of his Fokker plane. In a few minutes he was to take off and drop a wreath on the spot where his friend had but yesterday hopped off on his eternal flight.

Later, seated in his Fokker plane, Scott nodded goodbye to his comrades. The propeller whirled, the plane roared down the runway, and took off easily. In the air Scott's mind cleared and for the present his worries were forgotten. Twenty minutes later he sighted Lone Cactus. From the height of 500 feet he dropped the wreath, but the hungry desire of the grave was not appeased with the floral offering. With a sputtering cough the motor of the Fokker went dead. Beneath there was no place to land. Jack retained control of the plane and glided eastward, hoping for the best. The earth seemed to come up to meet him. Closing his eyes he prayed. With a sickening thud the plane crashed. Then came darkness.

A few minutes later a very bedraggled figure crawled out of a mass of wreckage, with nothing worse than a headache and a bump on his forehead. Jack surveyed



his surroundings. The plane had crashed in the bottom of a small arroyo. There was only one thing to do and that was to wait patiently. His whereabouts was known and soon a plane would be dispatched to his aid. The wreckage of his plane was observable from above, so there was little chance of his being lost.

Sitting on the wing of his wrecked plane, his gaze fell upon a bright spot in the sand. Further investigation proved the spot to be blood. But how came blood there? His roving eye detected still another blotch, together with an imprint of a heel. "Could it be?"—Jack checked himself. Farther on he found another blot. "The man must be badly wounded," he reflected.

Suddenly rounding a turn in the narrowing arroyo, Jack stopped and leaped behind a boulder. Not more than twenty yards ahead of him was a kneeling figure. Jack in his approach had evidently not disturbed the stranger. What to do now? He felt sure that the man ahead of him was a criminal. Jack decided on a closer view of his quarry. Along the side of the arroyo the brush afforded a wonderful ambush. So effective was the screen that he approached within a few feet of his quarry. The kneeling figure kept his back turned. In his eagerness Jack dislodged a stone. The kneeling figure straightened and whirled sharply. A scar glowed lividly on the cheek of the stranger. Jack gasped! Lorenzo!

The startled Mexican reached for his gun, but it was too late. Scott came hurtling through the air. Both men went down, the agile airman on top. The unseen struggle did not last long, the wounded Lorenzo being no match for the youthful and wiry adversary. With his arms pinioned, Lorenzo was in no position for an act of treachery. Still there was bribery left; this usually proved successful in the Border country.

"Señor," began Lorenzo, "you do not make much money."

"No," replied Scott, thinking of his small salary.

"You set me free, Señor, I pay you \$2000."

Scott was startled. The offer roused memories of the much needed \$2000.

The Mexican noted the delay and raised the offer.

"Think, Señor, \$3000 for freeing me. Nobody will know the difference. You shall have the money; I shall have my freedom."

Scott was sorely tempted. It was the only way to save Mary. On the other hand, it was his duty as an officer of the law to make the arrest. It was his duty to his dead chum. He knew that his mother would never touch the money if she knew how it was procured. Scott marched the defeated Mexican back to his wrecked plane.

A few hours later a dejected prisoner and a joyous airman were in El Paso. One week later Lorenzo received a sentence of ten years in the Federal Penitentiary, while the bewildered Scott received an unexpected reward of \$2500 for the capture, dead or alive, of Joe Monte, alias Lorenzo.

Back in New York, an operation was credited with saving Mary, but many agreed that it was the heroic exploits of her Big Brother, as extolled in the newspapers, that started her on the road to a rapid recovery.



## Greater Love Hath No Man

C. V. PATTERSON, 28J

**O**N a remote corner of the Western front during the early, gloomy days of the Great War, two small detachments of English and German infantry had been fighting for nearly a week. The steady loss of men, the everlasting rain and cold, and the lack of food were telling on them. Neither side had gained ground in spite of all the fighting; and the men were grumbling. Orders had been to take and hold the position until aid came; but that was five days ago, and in their desperation the remaining officers, a lieutenant and a corporal, decided to make one final try for their objective, knowing that it would be the last.

The order came shortly after midnight and the men, spurred on by their dauntless leaders, advanced gallantly to the attack. The advancing column spread out over the field, and on the extreme end, unnoticed by the others, a private stumbled and fell exhausted into a shell hole. How long he lay there he did not know, but he was awakened by a small form rubbing against his face, whimpering and crying. He reached up to brush it away, but the thing licked his hand. Struggling up, he found a tiny, wet, shivering puppy. A glance around the hole told him the story. Its mother, a beautiful Belgian shepherd, lay in the mud, shot through the brain.

"From the Boche camp," thought the private. "And a stray bullet got her, I guess."

He picked up the puppy and put it inside his coat.

"Poor lil' fella," he muttered.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, Ronny old boy, we sure accomplished something today," said Captain Jack Barnett, as he glanced through the papers in the box before him. Ronny, hearing his name, awoke, cocked his ears forward, and awaited further speech from his beloved master. Captain Jack reached down and lovingly patted the dog's head. Ronny looked up at his master, his big brown eyes holding in their mysterious depths the power that attracts humans to dogs—that unknown power that only a dog lover may know. On his chest was strapped the red and white insignia of the British Red Cross, and around his neck hung a small black leather case with a bottle of brandy in it.

"Some haul," mused Captain Jack. "One hundred and fifty Heinies, and one of them a Colonel. That fellow had these papers on him, and it looks as if they may mean something—if I can decipher them." He reached into an inner pocket and drew forth a small blue code book, and as he did this a silver badge fell to the floor. He stooped and picked it up.

"Lucky I found you in time," he addressed the badge. "If someone else had, it might have made trouble." He brushed dirt off its polished surface and exposed the letters No. 40-B. S. S. Slipping it back into his pocket, he sat down to the task before him.

Ronny, receiving no more attention, resumed his dozing in a corner of the room.

Two hours must have passed while he worked steadily over his papers. All the while the Germans and the Allies had been keeping up their artillery duel with tremendous force, but he and the dog had become used to the monotonous roar of the



guns and paid no attention to them, until an explosion sounded nearer than usual and the building trembled with the shock.

"Fritz seems to be getting the range," mumbled Captain Jack. "I'll have to hurry and get out of here."

Suddenly there was a tremendous roar. A large supporting beam fell down with a crash. When the smoke and dust had cleared away, Ronny wiggled out from beneath a pile of dirt and stones, but he was miraculously unhurt. A groan came from the middle of what had once been a room, and the dog, recognizing his master's voice, leaped for the spot.

When the crash came Captain Jack was in the middle of the room, and the falling beam struck his side, pinning him underneath, but saving his life by its protection.

Ronny dug around his body feverishly, soon freeing him from everything but the beam, and was licking his face while Captain Jack attempted to stroke the dog's head with his one free hand. His other arm was pinned to his side, but in the hand he still gripped the papers he had been studying.

"Nearly got me that time," moaned Captain Jack through pain-clenched teeth, "but I guess my leg's gone anyway." He reached out and opened the leather case that hung around the dog's neck, drew the bottle from it, and swallowed the contents. The fiery liquor cleared the shock and pain from his dazed mind. Then he remembered the papers. He realized their value to the allied forces, and he knew that they must be forwarded to headquarters—but how? He tried to make the dog understand enough to bark for help, but his words fell upon eager, yet not understanding, ears.

He lay silent, trying to whip his tortured brain to action. His eyes, roving around helplessly, suddenly fell upon the empty case around Ronny's neck, and his face brightened. He pulled the dog close to him and, after squirming painfully around, managed to reach the papers in his disabled hand. Reaching up, he placed them in the case.

"Now if you can only understand," he said to the dog; then with sudden inspiration he drew from his pocket the small silver badge and dropped it in with the papers.

"That will identify me," he explained.

"Go home!" he ordered. "Go on, Ronny. Home! Home! Go home! Hurry!"

Now Ronny had known only one home for many months—that place where he had gone through his Red Cross training, and where he had spent so many exciting hours with Captain Jack and the other men during his puppy days. This town was now the field headquarters of the French and British troops in that sector, for the Imperial Forces had steadily been forcing the French and British back toward one goal—Paris. It lay about thirty miles due southeast of the chateau and a direct line would carry one across a strip of the hottest battlefield in that vicinity.

Ronny, trained to obey, was yet reluctant to leave his injured master, so he stood looking at Captain Jack with his head cocked to one side and his eyes pleading for permission to stay.

Captain Jack, unheeding, repeated his order. "Get out of here, Ronny! Can't you understand? Go home! Home!!" In desperation he threw a stone at the dog. It hit Ronny sharply on the nose and he backed away with a hurt expression in his eyes. Then suddenly he turned, and with a yelp ran from the room. Down the street he



raced, and the men, seeing him, realized that there must be something wrong with their captain and dashed into the house in search. At the edge of the village Ronny swerved, and by that mysterious sixth sense of animals, pointed his course directly toward home and headquarters.

Across the fields he sped—a brown streak as he bounded up and down gullies, leaping all obstacles that came into his path; tongue drooling from the side of his mouth and head stretched forward with ears flattened against it. His master and idol had ordered him home and had enforced this with a stone, so nothing on earth, except death, could stop him now.

For the first few miles he sped uninterrupted, passing through occasional patches of forest in which men were resting or heavy guns were concealed, but soon bullets began popping and whining over his head. Now he was on the barren and devastated “no-man’s land.” The whine of bullets became more pronounced and some of them clicked up dust around him; but the dog, leaping up and down shell holes and over abandoned trenches, made a poor target. Grenades burst around him; and it would only be a miracle if he made it; but miracles are not common occurrences, and, as he rose from a depression, he was struck. He lay gasping for breath. The bullet had cut a deep gash in his side. The wound was bleeding steadily and would soon weaken him.

When his breath returned, Ronny, after painful attempts, regained his feet and again made for his objective, but at a much slower pace. He stumbled and fell many times, but each time struggled up, driven by his devotion for his master.

Nearly an hour later, two officers, walking down a dark street of a ruined village, were halted by a low whining directly ahead of them. Straining their eyes toward its source they made out a dark form dragging itself along the ground, whimpering at every move.

“Some dog that’s got hurt,” remarked one of the men. He drew a flashlight from his pocket and turned it on the dog. “Holy smoke! It’s Captain Barnett’s Ronny, and he’s half dead!” he cried. He ran and lifted the dog in his arms. Feeling the warm blood and the limpness of his body he said, “Poor fellow’s shot and has nearly bled to death. Get him inside quick!”

They carried him into a nearby house and laid him on a table. A good light revealed the condition of the dog. His body was caked with mud and blood and he was hardly breathing. Only his eyes moved and they followed every movement of the two men, pleading for help.

“He’s nearly gone, but maybe we can do something,” said the younger of the two. “Get some water and bandages and we’ll try.”

“I wonder what he is doing here,” he mused. “Jack’s away out in sector 30.”

The other officer returned with the water and the two men worked far into the night over Ronny, but in vain. He had given his life’s blood to serve his master.

“Here’s something,” said the young officer as he stooped over the dog’s body. An examination of the papers containing invaluable information to the Allies told him the story, and, as he fingered the little silver badge, he said aloud: “Jack himself sent him to us; here’s his British Secret Service badge!” He looked down upon the dog and his eyes filled. “Remember what the chaplain read to us the other night? How did it go now? ‘Greater love hath no man . . .’?”



## Heroes Are Made

ELLEN BARSOTTI, 28]

MICKEY SULLIVAN lived in San Francisco; it isn't possible to say just where, because he slept wherever he happened to be when night came. He was proud to be a Native Son, but San Francisco was not proud to have him one—not yet. Ever since Mickey was seven years old he had wanted to be a hero, and now that he was eighteen he wanted it more than ever. He had not been particular as to just what kind of hero he intended to be, until he read about Lucky Bill Webster, the great stunt and racing flyer, and his famous airplane, "Flame." Now he wanted to be a stunt flyer in the worst way. He had often pictured the cover of a magazine with his picture upon it and the headlines of the newspapers containing his name. He decided that he would probably photograph well in an aviator's helmet. Somebody had once told him that freckles do not show up in a photograph. Mickey hoped that this was so, for his face was just one big freckle.

When Mickey was the pride of the South Side football team, he tried to be a football hero, but the game with North Side knocked him out, and he emerged from it with a broken nose and two cracked ribs. He made an attempt at baseball once, and once he even prayed for war so that he might return afterward a hero of the trenches. And once he sent for a course in "How to Become a Hero"—complete in ten lessons.

Mickey knew nothing of airplanes, but he had a friend, named Van Twiller, and known as "the Flying Dutchman," who did occasional stunt flying at Mills Field. Mickey decided to go to see his friend and ask him if he had the makings of a flyer; but before doing so, he determined to take a course in aviation. He had saved two hundred dollars, and considered that he could not use it to better advantage. For six months Mickey took flying instruction, before he sought an interview with "the Flying Dutchman." Van Twiller decided to try to teach Mickey a few stunts, and for six months longer the boy was up in the air. He improved rapidly and was soon able to perform almost any stunt in the calendar. He nearly forgot the meaning of the word fear.

This was the way to become a hero! All he lacked was a chance. Then one day it came. He received a letter from the Boeing Air Transport Company inviting him to display his ability as a flyer. Mickey, dazed with joy, begged Van Twiller to help him. The planes were arranged, and Mickey carried out his demonstration. In the course of the exhibition he showed so well his command over the airplane that the Boeing manager offered him a position as air mail pilot. Mickey did not hesitate to accept.

He held the position for two years, and during that time passed over the trans-continental air mail route so many times that he felt he knew the way with his eyes closed. Several times Mickey was forced to save his life by using his parachute.

One spring day in the second year of his service, he had to make a landing at a small airport in the mountains where he did not usually stop, to have a break in his gas line repaired. The repairs took some time. He strolled over to the airport office to talk to the local pilots. He was greeted eagerly. There was a passenger for him there. He protested when he learned this, for he did not like to carry



passengers and there were no accommodations for them in the mail plane. But it seemed that the passenger was an official of the Boeing Company, Mr. Hubbard, who was making an inspection tour of the flying fields along the air mail route. Mr. Hubbard had not been feeling very well for several days; his side bothered him constantly. The local doctor declared that it was appendicitis. He must be rushed to the city at once. He seemed to Mickey on first presentation a pleasant and friendly man, but his present discomfort and feverishness were reacting on his temper.

Mickey took off successfully with Mr. Hubbard aboard. For an hour or so, the weather continued fine. Then they ran into a heavy mountain fog. The noise of the engine made it impossible for Mickey to communicate with Mr. Hubbard, and he became a little anxious about his passenger's condition. The fog continued to thicken. An idea struck Mickey: suppose Hubbard should die and he were blamed for failing to get the man to a hospital in time. While Mickey was considering this possibility, the engine began to gasp and hiss. The gas line was broken again!

There was no question of a forced landing in that fog. It was parachutes or nothing. Mickey would not have cared greatly if he had been alone, but with a sick man on his hands— The altitude was nine thousand feet, which meant that they would strike nothing for a while at least. Mickey left his seat and crawled back to where Hubbard was lying. One glance at the man's death-white face convinced Mickey that a parachute jump for him might prove disastrous. Hubbard was frightened when he learned what he had to do, and would not jump. There was no time to be lost. Mickey heaved the official up and steadied him with a hand behind his back. He pulled the rip cord of his parachute, made sure that it was opening all right, and pushed Hubbard overboard. He followed him immediately, counting three and pulling his own rip cord. The descent was long. Mickey kept an eye on Hubbard as well as he could. It seemed an eternity before Mickey saw the ground below him. The plane had crashed in a spinning dive into which it had gone a few seconds after they jumped. It was not the first time that Mickey had jumped, but it was the first time that he had prayed. As soon as he landed, he ran to where Hubbard lay motionless. Mickey rubbed his hands and face and used such rough remedies for fainting as he knew. He managed to lift him on his back, and in this manner carried him to a farmhouse which was visible through an opening in the fog. There they found an automobile which carried them and the rescued mail on the last stage of their journey.

What followed was the usual reward of a hero—for surely there is no denying that Mickey was a hero now. Newspaper reporters swarmed about him. He was photographed standing by the wrecked plane. He wrote an article describing the descent and the way in which he got Hubbard out of the plane. The newspapers headlined his narrow escape and heroic act. Hubbard, after his recovery, never ceased to thank him. A magazine cover had his picture on it—the freckles showed, but the editor went so far as to claim that they made Mickey's face handsomer. He was proclaimed the most fearless man in the air.

Mickey always clung to the idea that he was born to be a hero, but it was his friend, "the Flying Dutchman," who still declared that Mickey had made himself one.



## My Waterfront Acquaintance

B. GRILLO, 28J

**S**TROLLING along Fisherman's Wharf some time ago in search of local color for an article demanded by my Chief, Bullard of the "Morning Star," I came across a rather morose young fellow with a "man of the world" air. He had story written all over his countenance. I paused abruptly and, hoping to draw him out of his reverie, ventured a pleasant remark about the little fishing boats picturesquely anchored about the wharf. He glanced up, his keen gray eyes fairly leaping out from behind his heavy lashes. I was truly taken aback by the energy which his eyes showed but which his appearance belied. After a few desultory remarks he told me this story, which I will retell, using fictitious names lest I injure the narrator's chance of rehabilitating himself.

"I was born in San Francisco about thirty years ago. My folks were in comfortable circumstances. In fact, I never concerned myself with finances until my last year in college. The first calamity was the death of my father. My mother's heart was broken and she quickly followed him, leaving me not only absolutely penniless but without a near relative. By dint of great labor and economy I managed to finish college. America had just entered the Great War, so I, like many other young men, joined the Navy. I was assigned to a destroyer, and here I learned a great deal about engines. After the war it wasn't long before I drifted back to San Francisco again.

I suppose it was three or four years after the war before I took my first lesson in rum-running. That I will never forget. It came about in a rather strange manner. I was looking through the paper for an easy job with plenty of pay, when I came across the very thing I sought. A certain young man wanted an engineer for a speed boat,—good pay, no references required. My experience as an engineer easily got me this job, for knowledge of engines seemed to be the only thing my employer wanted. Part of my duty was to room near the wharf, where I could be found at all times. I had no suspicion as to what kind of a job I held until our first trip.

One night about one o'clock my boss, Mr. McFarlane, came down and pulled his other engineer, Jack Hoffman, and me out of bed. He seemed extremely excited and irritable as he ordered us to get the boat ready for a run to sea immediately. Hoffman seemed to take this surprising event as a matter of course, but I, not accustomed to being hauled out of bed at one o'clock in the morning for unknown reasons, put up a half-hearted protest, which McFarlane promptly silenced. In an hour the tanks were filled and we headed out the Gate. We traveled straight out for the best part of two hours. It was during this time, when I could collect my



thoughts, that I realized I was not on a Sunday school picnic. When it finally dawned on me that we were, in the parlance of the game, engaged in "rum-running," I confess I was more pleased than shocked, having in my unemployment absorbed some bolshevistic ideas from a wandering soap box orator. Also, being young and reckless, I looked on it as an exciting experience.

We finally reached our goal, a large Canadian steamer lying about twenty miles off shore. You know, it is the practice in the game for several men to charter a large steamer, load her with booze in Canada and clear from a Canadian port presumably for some port in Mexico or Central America. Of course, that is bunk. The agents are notified along the line, and while the steamer lies out beyond the twelve-mile limit, or nearer, if safety permits, the speed boats go out and take off the stuff. The sailors on the vessel loaded our little boat in remarkably quick time, and we soon had our head turned toward the bay. When we were about two miles from the Gate, the little Coast Guard cutter, "Shawnee," which had been cruising up and down the coast, hailed us, demanding the right to board our boat. As soon as McFarlane saw they meant business, he threw open the throttle and the little boat fairly leaped ahead. The cutter fired a few shots after us, more as a warning than an attempt to hit us, for a sunken boat often results in undesirable complications. We streaked up the Marin shore with the Shawnee hot after us. This continued for about a half hour, the Shawnee always dropping farther back. Now they began to shoot in earnest as they saw their prize slowly slipping out of their fingers. Many times I thought we would be hit. At last I saw why the boss had headed north. There was a group of small islands lying directly in front of us. Into these he went, winding his way among the reefs at a speed which the government boat dared not follow. After losing the cutter he headed back at full speed. We slipped safely through the Gate this trip and felt our way between the ferry boats and other craft to the swamps in China Basin, which lies at the southern end of the bay. Here there was a channel which wound around the rushes, through which Hoffman piloted the boat until we reached a rudely constructed wharf off the mainland. There were five men here, who took the liquor off the boat, loading it on two fast trucks, one of which, as I learned from Hoffman, went to the city, the other to the airport, where it was sent via airplane to Stockton.

I was so intoxicated by the excitement of rum-running, the big profits and the apparent ease with which it was accomplished, that I decided to go into the business myself. After a few trips for McFarlane, who was a generous paymaster, I had sufficient money to make the venture. I had the benefit of a college education and entertained no doubts as to my cleverness. This in conjunction with a rather reckless courage produced some results. I fared even better than McFarlane, *for a little while*—then came the break. At the time I was the proud owner of three speed launches, four trucks and two airplanes. My business was flourishing when, in a short time, I lost everything. My launches were seized by the new patrol boats; one of the men working under me proved to be a government officer in disguise, and through his efforts all my trucks and airplanes were captured in the act of transporting the liquors that had been smuggled in. I was arrested at my hotel one morning, and for the next two years was a 'boarder' of Uncle Sam's at McNeill Island."



My friend paused and remained silent for several minutes, gazing down into the water. "And then," I ventured tentatively.

With an effort he came back to reality. "Ah, yes, where was I? Well, while there I had plenty of time to think, and finally I came to the same conclusion every sensible criminal has reached at some time or other: You can't beat the law! Many try, but there is only one ending. I came out determined to live a decent and law-abiding life. Yes, I've had a hard struggle, for people do not readily forgive nor forget one who has transgressed the laws of his country. But I'm going to make the grade."

At this point he threw back his head and shoulders and his eyes lighted up with his unquenchable spirit. His determination to do right so impressed me that, after thanking him profoundly for his story, I gave him some money to help him on his way.

Two weeks ago I saw him again. He was one of a number of stevedores, loading a vessel. His smile flashed at me in friendly recognition, and he dropped out from the busy mass of men for a moment of speech.

"Old man, I'm happier than I ever thought to be again. I'm working hard six days of the week, eating three square meals a day, and respecting myself and the laws of my country. We may never meet again, but you can bet your last copper that I'll never slip back."

And I know he never will.



## Song of the Classes

There's a class that's way up high,

They are soaring in the sky—

They are the Seniors.

There's a class of many joys,

They have passed the years of toys—

They are the Juniors.

There's a class of great delight,

They are full of mirth and night—

They are the Sophomores.

There's a class of babies, too,

They may cry with a loud boo-hoo—

They are the Freshmen.

But, when all is said and done,

Don't they all have lots of fun?

You bet they do!

*Analouise Turner, 29X.*



## In the Forest

Tall giants all about you,  
Whispering their tales ;  
Breezes in the treetops,  
Sighs, dreams and wails.  
A flash of bright blue quickness,  
A bird, come and gone ;  
A graceful, brown-clothed squirrel,  
Scampering o'er the forest lawn.  
A silence in the forest,  
Dark, yet felt and heard,  
Silence overwhelming,  
Unbroken by a word.  
God's walking ground, cathedral—  
His holy place on earth—  
Home of his helpless creatures,  
Their dwelling place and hearth.

*Hildegarde Thorup, 30J.*

## A Sunbeam

A sunbeam on the ceiling,  
A-lighting up the room,  
A cheerful little messenger  
Of the fiery sun.

It looks just like a sunbeam,  
But it can't fool me or you—  
It's just a little bit of heaven  
That's a-shining through!

*Hildegarde Thorup, 30J.*

## Moon Magic

The moon comes up from out of the sea,  
Shedding its silvery light on the land ;  
And down on the beach it gives to the trees  
Ghostly forms to be reflected on the sand.  
But in the city where all is gay,  
Man-made lights dim the moon in its play ;  
While far away on a foreign strand  
Its sultry beams cast a mellow light,  
Spreading a glow of enchantment bright.

*Katherine Schoombs, 29X.*



# SPORTS



## Our Football Team

**A**LTHOUGH the Lick football team did not win the championship this year, they have displayed more fight and tried harder than any other team in the city. To quote one of the newspaper write-ups, "The Tigers never stopped trying," is to give a real impression of the spirit on the football squad this season. A team with this attitude could lose all its games and yet be a credit to the school.

Realizing our lack of veteran football material, the student body responded in great spirit to the initial call to practice. The first week of practice found over seventy aspiring football players working faithfully every day in the oval. Nevertheless, the sport writers in the city did not rate Lick very high. They questioned the possibility of a team with but one veteran and guided by an inexperienced coach, coping with such veteran outfits as Poly, Galileo and Lowell. However, these critics did not take the "old Tiger fighting spirit" into consideration. Lick was further handicapped by the loss of Jackson Playground as a practice field, but finally made arrangements to use Southside Playground several days a week.

The team practiced faithfully and hard under their new coach, Mr. Crane, who was aided during the first weeks of preliminary work by Mr. Hollingberry, former Lick player and coach and at present coach of Washington State College. Coach Crane realized that he had a difficult task ahead of him, and so spent many weeks in teaching fundamentals before scheduling any practice games, although the Tigers held several scrimmages with Cogswell at Rolph playground. Finally, on Saturday, September 24, after a month and a half of hard practice, the Tigers invaded Berkeley and met St. Mary's Preps in a practice game. For the first time in several years the Lick team dropped their initial game, losing to St. Mary's 12 to 0. However, this did not mean a thing, for the team fought hard and played exceptionally well, considering the fact that George Hurley was the sole veteran in the lineup. It was also rumored that several St. Mary's freshmen saw action in this game, and if such were the case, the result was far from discouraging. All the breaks of the game seemed to go to St. Mary's and it was simply the case of a heavy, experienced team playing a green, but hard fighting, tiger outfit. Our ends seemed to be weak, but the center of the line was a stone wall. Of course, Hurley played a strong game, as did Haynes, Garavatti and MacDonald. The game gave Coach Crane a fine opportunity to get a line on his material.

Our first A. A. A. game was forfeited to us by Potter, so when we met Sacred Heart, the tigers were in fine condition, and started their A. A. A. season with a bang!

Rated as the underdog, Lick fought Sacred Heart to a standstill and walked off with a 24 to 6 victory! "Red" Schefflin proved a sensation, end-running Sacred Heart to two touchdowns. The Tigers started slow, uncertain of their strength, and allowed Sacred Heart to score first. Then Lick got mad, and straight bucks by Hurley and those wonderful end runs by Schefflin kept the ball in Sacred Heart's territory the rest of the game. Schefflin scored two touchdowns, while Haynes and Smith each packed the ball over once. Lick showed in this game that they could not be considered out of the championship running.

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The team this year showed that they possessed the same qualities as the Lick teams of old,—that is, the "Tiger Fight." At the start of the season, the outlook was not very bright, due to the lack of veterans; but the fellows showed wonderful co-operation, and the result was that another Lick team was put upon the field. Everyone who has followed football knows that a Lick team is eleven men working as a unit, fighting for the honor and glory of the schools. I wish to take this opportunity to thank the fellows and the student body for the wonderful co-operation and loyalty they have shown me. I am proud to have coached such a fine group of fellows.

COACH HAROLD CRANE.



Looking back, it seems as if Coach Harold Crane had performed a miracle in putting out such a scrappy, hard-working team. At the beginning of the season, we were quite down-hearted over the lack of experienced men; but Coach Crane proved himself a mighty fine coach by instilling his own football knowledge and a fighting spirit into every player. The fellows worked well together and fought every minute of every game. I would like to commend, at this time, those deserving fellows who were forced to sit on the bench the greater part of the season. Without them the team would never have been the team it is now. I wish to extend my sincere thanks to Frank Olmo for his adept management.

CAPTAIN GEORGE HURLEY.



The members of our team have certainly showed the right spirit in the way in which they have backed up their coach. The student body has also showed its loyalty by supporting the team throughout the season. The greatest praise, however, should rest upon the shoulders of our old Lick graduate and present coach, "Babe" Crane, who instilled into the boys that spirit of winning and good sportsmanship that was so prevalent when he was a student here. It has certainly been a great pleasure for me to work with such capable leaders as Coach Crane and Captain George Hurley, and to manage such a fighting team.

MANAGER FRANK OLMO.



# Football

*Continued from page 59*

The following Saturday, the Tigers showed their claws to Mission and ran up the biggest score to date in the A. A. A., defeating the Padres 37 to 12. Lick ran the opening kickoff back to the center of the field and then, on the first play, Schefflin went around end for fifty yards to Mission's one-yard line. On the second play of the game, George Hurley went through center to a touchdown, and Lick was off on their scoring rampage. All during the game Schefflin was a constant threat from any point in the field, making at least five yards every time he packed the ball. The ends, formerly held weak by sport critics, played bangup games. In fact, the entire team functioned perfectly and completely outplayed Mission in every department of the game. George Hurley went in at tackle in the second half and the Mission linemen learned something about football. Late in the game Wise broke through the Mission line to block a kick and scamper over the goal to aid the backfield in rolling up a score. Up to this time in our A. A. A. competition we had scored 61 points to our opponents' 18! A very fair showing for a team relegated to the basement by all the sport critics. Though encouraged by their showing in the Mission game, the players settled down to a very intensive and determined practice after their victory. Our next game was with Lowell.

Lowell, our traditional rival, had developed one of the greatest football aggregations in their history. They had played six practice games, defeated some of the strongest elevens in the bay region, and had been easily victorious in all their A. A. A. contests. Lick was truly to meet a veteran and powerful eleven in Lowell. Naturally, the sport writers again made Lick the underdog, but that didn't bother the hard-fighting tigers. They had overcome all obstacles so far in their fight for the championship and were determined to avenge Lowell for arguing themselves into the official title last year. Such were the conditions under which the annual Lick-Lowell battle was waged. However, Lowell was destined to keep her football record intact and the cardinals finally came out on the long end of a 6 to 0 score. Disgraced? The Lick Tigers certainly were not. They put up the best battle any team could have fought and Lowell, despite their advantages in weight, experience and power, were very lucky to win by a single touchdown. During the first half, most of the play was in Lowell's territory and Lick was constantly threatening to score. However, Lowell had scouted us in our two A. A. A. contests and were all set to stop our biggest scoring factor, "Rambling Red" Schefflin. Although he did get away several times for five or ten yards, Schefflin was generally stopped by Lowell's veteran ends.

Coming back in the second half, Lowell's superior reserve strength started to show. They completed a pass that put them within scoring distance, and they then opened up with their power and deception to make a first down on the tiger 5-yard line. Five yards, through a fighting Lick team, is a long way, but after several thrusts at the line, the Lowell quarterback called a deceptive Warner play that just did push the ball over Lick's goal line. Lowell never had a chance to convert with the fighting tigers crashing through. Following this touchdown, the Lowell eleven continued to threaten as the Lick team tired, but the wonderful punting of Schefflin,

*(Continued on page 64)*



EDGAR GARAVATTI

*Small, smart, and full of the "ole Tiger spirit".*



CHARLES SCHEFLIN

*"Ramblin' Red" has been the sensation of the A. A. A.*



ROBERT SPEAR

*A big man who uses his size to the best advantage.*



JACK ASHBAUGH

*A consistent, experienced player who is in there every minute.*



WENCIL STOREK

*In one season he has developed into a remarkable end.*



NACI KUBICEK

*Although "green," Kupy has developed into a dandy linesman.*



DOMENIC FEDELI

*Following in his brother's footsteps, he is certainly upholding the family name.*





STEVAN SLEPNIKOFF

*One of those mighty good things that come in small packages.*

BEN GILMORE

*A smart, smashing end with plenty of fight.*

EDMOND HAYNES

*A brainy player and one of the hardest hitters in the league.*

JACK MACDONALD

*A hard fighting and dependable end with his head "always up".*



WARREN DeGUIRE

*"Red" has developed into a fine, hard hitting guard.*

ROBERT BLACK

*A small man for center, but the hardest worker on the squad.*

RICHARD ATTINGER

*An outstanding strength in our forward wall.*



## Football

*Continued from page 61*

who proved to be a real triple threat man, kept the cards away from the tiger goal line. Hurley and Schefflin were outstanding for Lick. Twice Potter, Lowell captain, got away with only Schefflin between him and the Lick goal line, although neither time could he elude the sure tackling redhead. As for Hurley, his work in backing up the line was incomparable. He must have made nearly half the Lick tackles, and Hurley's tackles stay put. Many believe that if Lick had played Lowell before the Cards had perfected a defense for Schefflin, the Tigers would have been the victors. However, as it was, it was simply a case of a green, hard fighting team playing a powerful, experienced and versatile aggregation; and, though fight may be 60 per cent of the game, experience and reserve strength are all-important on a winning eleven.

Naturally, a big let-down followed the Lowell game. The players had been pointed for Lowell, and Coach Crane had a hard time getting them into proper mental condition for the Galileo game the following Saturday. Galileo had been rated with Lowell and Poly as a title contender, and though they had dropped a game to Poly, the Lions were a dangerous opponent. Sport critics held the two teams about even, and they were right, for once, as the final score was 6 to 6. Handicapped by a wet field, which aided Galileo's weight advantage, the Tigers had to fight hard to gain a draw on the powerful Galileans. "Benny" Gilmore, or "Hurry Up" Gilmore, as he has since been christened, played the hero role by picking up a fumble on Lick's own 25-yard line, and scampering 75 yards to a touchdown. Gilmore was never rated as a fast end, but the clipping of the Lick linemen gave him a chance to get in the clear, and once on his way, Benny covered plenty of ground. Gilmore did his big act in the third quarter, but Lick did not hold the lead very long as the Lions came right back in the same period to push over a touchdown, after Paige, Galileo's big fullback, had bucked the ball down the field to within scoring distance. Here the Lions lost the ball, but they blocked Schefflin's punt and then finally pushed over for a score. Lick blocked the convert, and the scoring for the afternoon had finished. Galileo, like Lowell, had perfected a defense for Schefflin's end runs and so stopped our biggest scoring factor. Hurley, Schefflin and Gilmore were outstanding, while the whole team played a bangup fighting game against odds. Storek suffered a broken ankle from the contest.

Our next game, against Commerce, was supposed to be simply a resting place before the Poly game, but the "little" Commerce squad proved a tartar and was only beaten by a score of 6 to 0. Lick started right off to roll up a big score by counting a touchdown in the first quarter, Hurley going through the center of the line for the score. However, thereafter the ball stayed near the center of the field, neither team being able to do much. Lick, at times, played listless football, while Commerce played their best game of the year. Most of the Lick subs saw action, and, in the last quarter, the Tigers had the ball inside the Commerce 15-yard line, on several occasions, though they could not quite push over another score. The 6-0 victory was hard earned and Kubicek, Hurley and Schefflin, as well as the whole team, fought hard to gain the decision.



For the last three years, Polytechnic had been defeated by Lick in football. This year Poly boasted of a so-called wonder team. Undefeated, they had easily beaten all opposition and were heavy favorites to "take" Lick, and again the dopesters were right when Lick bowed before this powerful Poly offense to lose 18-0. Although this is the largest score we have lost by, this season, it is no disgrace to be defeated by a big, powerful, well-coached eleven of Poly's caliber.

Behind perfect interference, Rintala, speedy Poly halfback, made long gains through the Lick team. However, only the first touchdown was really earned, as the second was the result of an intercepted pass and 60-yard run by Rintala and the last, a fumble on his own 25-yard line, by Schefflin. Though Poly was too powerful and versatile for Lick, the Tigers fought to the last. Hurley injured his nose in the second quarter, but went back in with a big nose guard and stopped anything and everything that came his way. Schefflin also played a bangup game, getting away frequently for 5 to 10-yard romps around the ends. He gave the stands a thrill when he took the Poly kickoff in the second quarter and ran nearly the length of the field to a touchdown. However, he was finally down on the Poly 35-yard line, after running back through the entire Poly team for over 60 yards. Lick simply did not have the power to cope with Poly, and, as in the Lowell game, had to spend much time on the defense. Though this game definitely puts us out of the championship race, the Tigers are determined to win the remainder of their games.

J. NICHOLS, 28J.



## The Spirit of L-W-L

Way off yonder, up in the sky,  
Something's circling. I wonder why  
It falls, rises, turns, and twists,  
Sometimes visible and then in mists.  
To "Mother Earth" it seems to near,  
Dauntless of danger, perils, or fear.

Its wings are strengthened with courage rare;  
Its beaming lights cast a steady glare,  
As toward the earth it rapidly speeds,  
In sportsmanship this great plane leads.  
The "Tiger Spirit" will never quell  
In this great ship L-W-L.

*Lucile Galer, 30J.*



## The Football Squad

PERHAPS there is no better example of the true "Tiger Spirit" than that set forth by our football squad. It is made up of a group of hard-fighting fellows, undaunted by their failure to make the first or second team, who put all they have into the making of a fine team. It is true that the regular team shows endless "Tiger Spirit," but its members are rewarded for their toil by playing in the games. It's the squad, practicing night after night without a thought of reward, that makes our team one of which to be proud. They bear the brunt of the first team's practice; they are the means by which new plays are tried and the old ones perfected; and they must withstand the anger of the team after defeat in order to raise hopes of a victory in the future. It's no disgrace to be a "bench warmer." There are a great many fellows who wish they could be that, and it is a rule with few exceptions, that the "bench warmers" of this year are the stars of next.

The Tiger Squad is a team in itself, and there are men on it that would do credit to any team. Those fellows on the squad are as follows: F. Smith, fullback; T. Sullivan, F. Junker, T. Grace and R. Matteoli, halfbacks; G. Skinner, quarterback; H. Reid, center; W. Sharp, R. Wise, F. Ahnquist, E. Gomez, E. Kelly and H. Schlichting, guards; F. Hull, tackle; and H. Diedrichs, E. Carroll, C. Sonne and H. O'Keefe, ends.



## Lux Basketball

THE banners of the 27X class are once more unfurled. They have marched to victory carrying with them the Lux Basketball Championship. This is the second successive year that the 27X class has won the championship of the school. The members of the team were: Florence Dutcher, captain, who played guard with Margaret Baker; Carol Berg and Florence Knoles, forwards; Estelle Barbieri and Ellen Buhman, centers. Madlyn Pierson and Assunta Grasso were dependable substitutes.

The "Round Robin" tournament was interesting to follow. The teams were divided into two groups, the upper classes and the lower classes. Each class team played three other teams in its own group. In this way every team had a chance to play an equal number of games. When the 27X class came out undefeated, it played the 30Jb class, which also had lost no games. Both teams played well, but the seniors, who had more experience and power, easily came out the winners with a score of 24 to 7.

A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested in the games which were played at lunch-time on the Lux Roof. The various classes sat around the basketball court and rooted for their favorite team. Great credit is due to Miss Carroll, who coached each team individually and refereed the games. Because basketball is our outstanding sport and everyone is interested in it, a great deal is expected of the basketball season. This season's tournament was perhaps the best the Lux School has ever had,—a success which we attribute largely to the interest shown by the whole student body. The 27X class will always be remembered as a class of fine sportsmanship.



## Basketball

THE laws of compensation have certainly been proved true concerning basketball this year. Last term our 145's won the championship; this term our 110's and 120's found the going in the A. A. A. as hard as the 145's found it easy last year. Both teams were very unlucky, although at the beginning of the season prospects looked rather bright. The 120's had five experienced men, while the 110's had an abundance of excellent material. However, when the time came for weighing in, only two of the 120's and only a few more of the 110's made the weight requirements. This left a large sized hole to fill. Our coach, Gerald Stacey, an old Lick graduate, did his best to round the remainder of the boys into shape. The assignment proved too tough, despite the spirit of the players, so Coach Stacey spent most of the time in teaching the boys the fundamentals of basketball, that Lick might have another championship team in the future. As far as the league competition went, the two teams were far too light and inexperienced to win many games. Considering these handicaps, the teams did quite as well as could be expected, and it is to their credit that not many large scores were run up against them.

"Red" Hazelwood was captain and the star of the 110's this year. He would have been a first-rate guard on any lightweight team. The other guard position was filled by Lahusen. These two played together last season, and it was mainly through their work that the 110's showed up as well as they did. The other three men who made up the so-called "first string" were McCullough, Dupkoff and Zannini. This



was the first year that they had played on the school team, but they all showed ability, and no doubt before long they will be on a winning Lick team. Not far behind these five men were Ortiz and Cudworth. They saw service in every game, Ortiz as forward and Cudworth as guard or center. Edwards, Trowbridge and Keldsen made up the remainder of the reserve strength.

If this team can make weight for the 120's next year, after their year's experience, Lick will have another championship to its credit.

"Mayor" Jack Nichols, one of the best forwards in the league, was elected captain of the 120's at the beginning of the season. Nichols was the logical choice not only because of his basketball ability and experience, but because of his ability to rally the team at the needed moments. Mitro Sherbakoff, another brainy, experienced player, held down the other forward position. As Hazelwood and Lahusen of the 110's kept down the score of the opposing teams, Nichols and Mitro ran up points for their own team. The other positions were constantly being fought for, with the result that Williams, Cudworth, Bollenbach, Coburn and Glynn all saw service. Of these, Cudworth was the outstanding player. Handicapped by size, this fighting little guard made up in spirit. Glynn and Bollenbach also turned in some nice performances at the end of the season. Manuel and Dreyfuss, two new men, kept the regulars fighting for their positions.

Although these teams did not have a very successful season as far as scores go, they did gain a great deal of knowledge concerning basketball, an invaluable asset for future championships.



## Tennis Tournament

PROBABLY the most successful tennis tournament ever held at Lick or Lux was held this term. For three weeks the attention of both the girls and boys was centered on the daily matches. The upper and lower classes were well represented, and the players displayed wonderful ability. The students supported the games remarkably well and showed great enthusiasm over the outcome of all the matches. The tournament was directed by Viola Young, president of the Tennis Club. Eighteen couples signed up to enter the tournament, but by means of an elimination test nine couples remained after the first round of the tournament.

Carol Berg and Ed Haynes played first against Rose O'Donnell and Van Irvine. Carol and Haynes won by the score of 6-1, 7-5. Frances Farrell with Ralph Abbott played against Lillian DeHay and Jack Nichols. The score was 6-2, 6-1, in favor of the former team. Next Eunice Gastaldi with Jacobs played against Viola Young and Gene Mires. The latter team was victorious with a score of 6-2, 6-3. The last match of the second round of the tournament was won by Louise O'Keefe and Marcel Lourtie with a score of 6-1, 7-5. Their opponents were Doris Smith and Charles Polk. Two matches were now left before the final game. In the semi-finals Carol Berg and Ed Haynes defeated Frances Farrell and Ralph Abbott by a score of 7-5, 6-3. Viola Young and Gene Mires outplayed Louise O'Keefe and Marcel Lourtie by a score of 6-0, 6-0.

The final game between Viola Young and Mires against Carol Berg and Haynes caused a great deal of anxiety. The match was attended by about two hundred students, who watched the game with much enthusiasm. The players were well matched and the games were very close. The game score of the first set totaled 9-7, and of the second 6-1. Carol Berg and Ed Haynes were proclaimed the tennis champions of the Lick, Wilmerding and Lux schools for the year 1927.

The tournament encouraged a friendly feeling between the boys and girls in sports between Lick and Lux schools. Tennis seems to be the only sport in which both boys and girls may participate. From the beginning of the tournament the games were well attended, and as the matches progressed the attendance increased until in the finals and semi-finals almost the whole Lick-Wilmerding-Lux student body was watching the games with interest.



E. HAYNES



C. BERG



# JOLLITY



## The Northwest Mounted Gets Its Man!

IT is the time when lilies blow and student body presidents urge their flocks to get out and watch the team stop only short of murder and a badly needed touch-down. The great Football Rally (Rah, rah, rah) is going on. White-uniformed male nurses flee swiftly up and down the aisles, flapping towels in the faces of those weak ones whose heads are sinking on their breasts, dragging out the fainting and bearing them on stretchers to the dissecting room. On the platform stands the captain of the team, about to make a speech.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!" he declares at last as the cheering dies down. A ripple of admiration at this splendidly-worded appeal passes over the audience. Realizing how he has moved them, he bursts into joyful tears and suffers himself to be led from the rostrum. . . .

. . . It is the next day. What is this place in which we find ourselves? What else than the Studium, where the greatest struggle of all time (copyright AP) is about to take place. Thousands upon thousands (because the rows of seats are so close together that a person in one row sits on the lap of the person just above him in the next row) are collected to observe the combat. Shouts rise to the skies, making the welkin ring. The game begins. First one team, then the other, scores. It is a battle to the death. Cries of agony rise to the press box—from the barbed wire on top of the fence, where hundreds of small boys are stuck.

At last there are but two minutes to play! The score is tied. Our hero, the noble Percival Chumley, stands ready to receive the ball. He fumbles it. With a groan, striking his hand to his pallid brow, he staggers back and waves to his team-mates to take their chance—but this sacrifice is in vain. One of the foes of brave Percival catches the oval hogskin from the ground and speeds past him. The fullback catches up to this enemy and is about to bring him to the ground. But who is this who speeds back toward the struggling pair? It is Percival. He touches the fullback on the shoulder. "Let him go," he whispers. "He deserves his opportunity. Can we be less than gentlemen?" At this thought the fullback relinquishes his hold. "Go on, and Heaven bless you," he says brokenly. "I shall not forget this," answers the ball-carrier. He hastens to the goal and scores his touchdown.

As the teams line up again, a great cry bursts from the stands. "It is for you, Percival," says the captain. "You must win for us." "I shall," vows Percival.

Yes!—the ball passes into Percival's arms. His feet seem winged. But eleven deadly enemies are posted between him and his goal. Can he make it? Suddenly his clear, golden voice rings out: "I'll *die* for dear old Rutgers!"

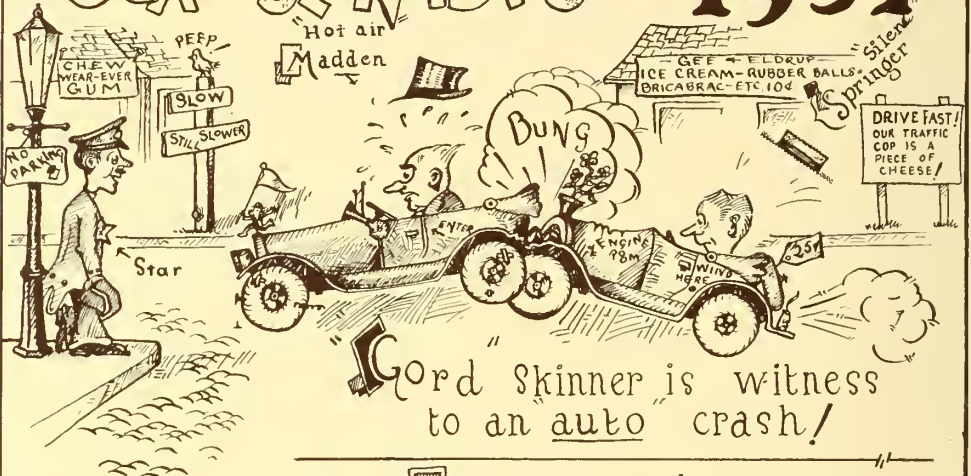
Eleven enemies are impressed by the noble purity of endeavor which he shows. "Let him go, lads; he gave me my chance; let him have his," cries the grateful player whom Percival saved. They bow their heads and let him pass. He speeds across the line as the game ends.

All present, awed, sink on their knees and offer up silent thanks under the last rays of the setting sun.

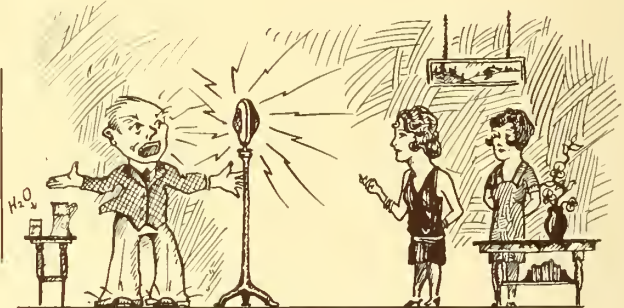
WENDELA HAWKINS, 28J.



# OUR SENIORS in 1937

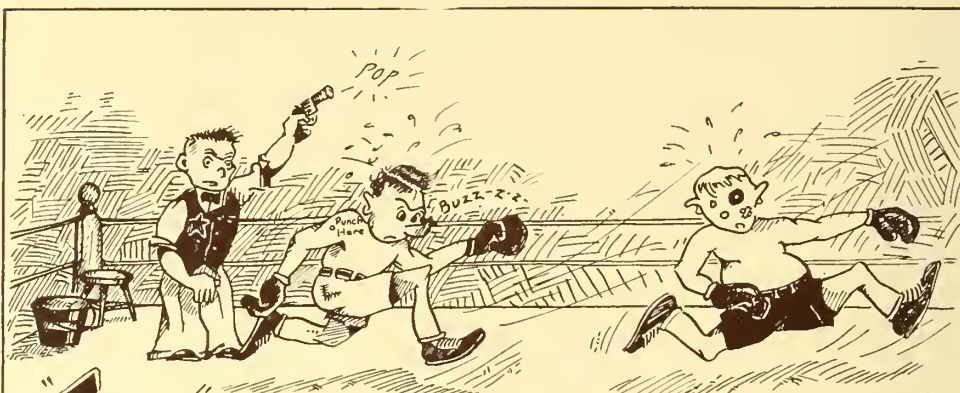


"Bearded Lady" Austin  
has his first real  
shave!



"Perry" Strang is  
announcer for our  
prima donnas -  
Madiyn Pierson and  
Florence Dutcher.





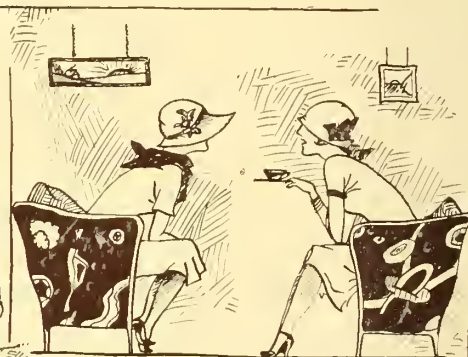
**M**innie Madieros "refs" one for  
"Load" Miller and "Fat" Serkland



**G**reek" Eldrup stops  
our innocents —  
Assunta Grasso and  
Frances Nettell.



**H**old everything fellows,  
'tis our Famous "Willie"  
Gee and "Alice" Kruger.



**T**opics of the day? —  
No! Just our little  
Charlotte Madden and  
Margaret Baker.

WSTORER 27



# Horoscope

VICTIM	NICKNAME	APPEARANCE	WHERE TO FIND 'EM	PASTIME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	DESTINY
1. ELMER TROWBRIDGE	Tuggle	Scotch	Parkside	Blind man's buff	Now I'll tell one	Napa
2. FLORENCE TAYLOR	Flo Tilla	Animated	With Estelle	Making dates	Where's Estelle?	Napa
3. ESTELLE BARBIERI	'Stell	Hungry	With Flo	Fiddlin' with her hair	Where's Flo?	Tight rope walker
4. ROY SANDER	Sleep	Variety of suits	It's hard to tell	Tickling the ivories	What's her name?	Old clothes dealer
5. ALMANDO FRANCESCHI	Mando	Always busy	In his relatives' cars	Driving a truck	Gee! look at that bus	Service man
6. GEORGE MILLER	Sister	Ragged	Los Altos	Raving about Los Altos	Aw! Go on	Farmer
7. CHARLES SCHEFLIN	Red	Rusty	Butchertown	Foolin' around	Get out of the way	Picking nuts in Brazil
8. CAROL BERG	Barney	Dignified	At the Granada	Writing poetry	My goodness gracious	?
9. TERENCE MCGOWAN	Ted	Elongated	Conducting rallies	Carol Berg	Well, fellows and girls	Manager of the Granada
10. CHARLOTTE MADDEN	Charlie	Devilish	Taggin' along	Reading	Oh! it's just vile	Pavlowa II
11. JEROME STRANG	Jerry	Sophisticated	At Mary's, Pearl's or Louise's house	Hunting "dears"	Jerome, if you please	Salvation Army leader
12. CURTIS KLOPSTOCK	Curt	Lost	Just blowin' around	Blowin' in a "sax"	And that is why—Blah	Stage hand
13. LEMA MAE DOTY	Lee	Cute	At the mirror	Giggling	Censored!	"We'll bite"
14. ARTHUR AUSTIN	Bearded lady	Stodious	Any room, studying	Shaving	Gee whiz!	Barber
15. MADLYN PIERSON	Mad	Attractive	In the Glee Club	Whistling	What's this? A system	Model
16. HARRY MADDEN	Hot Air	Husky	In his Ford	Annoying everyone	Hello, old top!	Book agent
17. DOROTHY QUIEROLO	Period	Dizzy	In the pantry	Eating	Somethin' to eat	Opera singer
18. RALPH SPRINGER	Silent	Sleepy	With automobiles	Walkin' in his sleep	Huh!	Mattress tester
19. FRANCES NETTELL	Frenchie	Saintly	In the "caf"	Slingin' hash	Huh?	Taxi driver
20. EDITH HANSEN	Ede	Desperate	In the drawing room	Mixin' paints	I'd like to suggest	Mayoress of Daly City
21. WALTER DUTCHER	Walt	Innocent	In civics	Yawning	Hello, men	Globe trotter
22. FRANK OLMO	Runt	? ? ?	Lookin' for Walt	Being idle	And then I—Ha—	Politician



VICTIM	NICKNAME	APPEARANCE	WHERE TO FIND 'EM	PASTIME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	DESTINY
23. ARTHUR BOWERS	Bus	Tiny	Behind the crowd	Trailin' someone	You big bum	Detective
24. ASSUNTA GRASSO	'Sunt	Good natured	Looking for homework	Tryin' geom.	You should squawk	Parachute jumper
25. HARRY DUNSTAN	Doctor	Gloomy	In Freehand room	Taking pictures	No, not me	Undertaker
26. FRIEDA BOGERSHAUSEN	Fritz	Peroxided	At the telephone	Forgetting	Hello!	Housewife
27. ILENE HEMMINGA	I	Delicate	Russian River	Taking pictures	Ain't it just gorgeous?	Frieda's bridesmaid
28. OLIVER PEAVY	Oli	Awkward	Anywhere	Sweeping	What a drive!	Arizona
29. WILLIAM GEE	Willie	Neat	Electric Shop (A.C.)	Delivering packages	Ha—Ha—	Errand boy
30. EARL ELDRUP	"Greek"	Serious	With Gee	Billiards	He's cracked	Janitor
31. RAYMOND FRANCESCHI	Napoleon	Like Mussolini	M. D. Room	Nothing	Aw! You're crazy	Organ grinder
32. FLORENCE DUTCHER	Dutch	Jazzy	Braiding piano keys	Chewing gum	My John!	Paderewski II
33. GEORGE HURLEY	Moose	Scalped	Anybody's cellar	Taming wild flowers	Bring home the bacon	Bartender
34. HENRY KRUGER	Alice	Bashful	Delivering the "Shopping News"	Talking about the girls	Look out!	Posing for Arrow collar ads.
35. ELEANORE CANAVAN	EI	Capable	At her locker	Class minutes	"The meeting was called—"	School marm
36. ANANDA JACOBS	Andy	Happy	In any corner	Trying barbers	So's your old man	Farm hand
37. GORDON SKINNER	Gord	Gum chewer	Following the crowd	Talking	D'ja see that?	Salesman
38. MARGARET BAKER	Maggie	Sturdy	In the office	Chewin' the rag	Holy cow!	Bugologist
39. STEVAN SLEPNIKOFF	Stivo	Sloppy	Shoving his truck	Medicine	You think so—yeh	Foreign missionary
40. WENCIL STOREK	Ellen	Who cares?	Ask Ellen	For "Art's sake"	Quit your kiddin'	Dishwasher
41. FLORENCE KNOLES	Flip	Breakable	In the gym	Falling for teachers	Oh, it's awful swell	Quack doctor
42. JACK MADIEROS	Minnie	Boy scout	Roaming absently about	Aviation	Yeh—yeh	Professor
43. WILLIAM KOT	Bill	Lacking	In the "Caf"	Shooting flies	Our "caf" is no bull	Blacksmith
44. ELLEN BUHMAN	Baby	Babyish	Holding down front steps	Looking for Easter eggs	For cryin' out loud	Policewoman
45. KENT SERKLAND	Fat	"Joe" Hat	Mary's house	Odd things	I'll do it	Bachelor
46. IRVIN WETZEL	Wetz	Curly	Keeping Kent company	Cow Horns	Dare ya to	Butcher



G. Miller (getting into taxi) : Home, James!

Taxi driver : What d'ya mean, "Home, James?" This is a public taxi.

G. Miller : Oh, very well, then. Home, Jesse James!

\* \* \*

"What a novel advertising scheme," remarked B. Franceschi, helping himself to one of the blind man's pencils.

\* \* \*

Ted : Hurley made a 90-yard run in the last game.

Carol : Touchdown?

Ted : Naw, the man he was trying to catch had the ball.

\* \* \*

W. Hawkins : I just took a tough examination.

Patterson : Finish?

W. Hawkins : No, Latin.

\* \* \*

Fierce lessons

Late hours

Unexpected company

Nothing prepared—

Kid flunks.

\* \* \*

F. Taylor : I'll have some plain soda water.

Dumb Waiter : What do you mean, "Plain soda water?"

Flo Tilla (irefully) : Why, soda water without flavor.

D. W. : Without what flavor?

Flo Tilla (exasperated) : Without chocolate flavor.

D. W. : We haven't got any chocolate flavor, so you'll have to take it without vanilla.

\* \* \*

Mr. Merrill : The next person who interrupts the meeting will be sent home.

"Hurrray!" yelled the freshman.

Willie Gee : There's a dance at the Southern Pacific Station tomorrow night.

Charlotte : G'wan!

Willie : Yes, two trains are going to Charleston.

\* \* \*

Mr. Booker : Why don't you answer me?

B. Gilmore : I did shake my head.

Mr. Booker : Well, do you expect me to hear it rattle way up here?

\* \* \*

"Period" : Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I gave you?

"Dutch" : No, I tried for three hours but I couldn't hit one.

\* \* \*

Mr. Tibbets : Tell me one way of preserving meat.

F. Canfield : Putting it on ice, sir.

Mr. Tibbets : What do we call that?

Frances : Isolation, sir.

\* \* \*

Frank Olmo : What kinda dog you got?

Hurley : A police dog.

Frank : Gosh! He don't look like a police dog.

George : S-sh! He's a secret service police dog in disguise.

\* \* \*

Ellen Barsotti : I think a street car has just passed.

Storek : How do you know?

Ellen : I can see its tracks.

\* \* \*

She : You brute, you have broken my heart.

Watkins : Thank God! I thought it was a rib.

\* \* \*

Teacher : Now for the first day we will start by naming some of the lower animals, beginning with this young man in the first row.

# Autographs





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BECK PTG. CO.  
San Francisco







